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QUESTIONNAIRE REPORT

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The Budget of the Unjust Steward

MR. BUTLER'S demeanour as he introduced his emergency Budget on Wednesday was that of a tired, hunted, ineffectual man. Not since "Honest Stanley Baldwin" became "Old Sealed Lips" has any front-rank statesman fallen from grace quite so suddenly. Mr. Butler, in fact, is fighting on three fronts. Ahead of him lies an economic setback of threatening proportions which he must tackle with economic measures: at the same time his political enemies are bearing in on him, both right and left. On the left stands Mr. Gaitskell with the formidable charge that Mr. Butler himself is a prime cause of the present economic difficulties. On the right are ranged the silent, sullen faces of rank-and-file Tories, who have no answer to Mr. Gaitskell's charges and little mercy for the Chancellor whose misjudgment of the situation has left them so politically vulnerable. When Mr. Butler resumed his seat on Wednesday, he had made little progress on any of these fronts.

He had totally failed to exculpate himself from the Labour accusation that his Spring Budget was designed for electioneering rather than good housekeeping. Indeed, the figures speak for themselves. In April, the Chancellor made tax concessions amounting to £140m. This week he has taken back £141m. One readily acquits him of the deliberate intention to deceive; but the alternative is a degree of misjudgment which is scarcely credible in the light of all the authoritative warnings he was given at that time. Then again, nobody who observed the discomfiture of the Tory back-benchers during and after the Budget speech could believe that Mr. Butler had succeeded in rehabilitating himself with his own side.

What, then, of the third front? Political difficulties apart, are Mr. Butler's proposals adequate to deal with the economic problem which the country faces? The full effect of the economy measures is not yet known—indeed it will presumably be some months before the Government's intentions towards defence expenditure and farm prices are revealed. What is already clear is that the increases in taxation and Post Office charges announced this week are not by themselves to be considered seriously as a remedy for what Mr. Butler has described as "a considerable degree of internal inflation." The main weapons which the Chancellor has called into use against this inflation are panic cuts in nationalised industries, the ending of the general exchequer housing subsidy and the forcing of local authorities to raise their loans on the market—or at least at market rates. But it may be doubted whether this latter measure will prove effective. Cuts in housing, hospitals, schools and public investment generally, could well be offset by increased pressure in the field of private investment—where "it is no part of the Government's policy to impose direct control." At first sight, then, it appears that Mr. Butler's proposals, objectionable as they are politically, will also prove inadequate to combat the disease for which he is prescribing—that he has missed his chance to apply even Tory remedies effectively.

Labour can now explain in simple terms how its conception of the public good differs from that of even moderate Tories, for this Budget is an admirable object lesson in politics. The principal source of new revenue—to offset the income tax concessions of six months ago—is purchase tax, much of it on household necessities hitherto tax free. The principal cuts are to fall on publicly owned industrial investments, on local authority welfare and on working-class housing. On the other side of the fence, the banks and moneylenders will do well; and most of the private speculators will feel thankful to be let off so lightly. It was Mr. Attlee, again, who promptly nailed Mr. Butler's Budget in a single, searing sentence: Anything spent in the public interest, he observed, seems to be less desirable than anything spent in a private interest.

Comments on the Week's News

Trouble in the Sudan

The invitation from Cairo, addressed to the seven members of the proposed commission to supervise Sudanese self-determination, appears to bear no relation to the realities of the present situation in the Sudan. The idea of a constituent assembly, whose election this commission was to supervise according to the Anglo-Egyptian agreement of 1953, has for some time been abandoned by the Sudanese Government—apparently with the agreement of both Britain and Egypt—in favour of a straightforward plebiscite on whether the Sudan should maintain a constitutional link with Egypt, or plump for complete independence. Recently, however, Ismail el Azhari's Government has rejected even this plan in favour of a simple decision by the present Sudanese parliament. The latest Egyptian move seems to be a reaction to the announcement of this decision. Its purpose, however, is obscure, since there is no particular reason to suppose that the chances of a continued link with Egypt would be affected whichever method was used to make the choice. It is important, however, to remember that this further diplomatic brush between Britain and Egypt is largely irrelevant to the real problem of the Sudan. That problem is not in essence self-determination, but the treatment of minorities. Already, before the date of self-determination, there has been an uprising in the southern provinces and punitive measures are now being taken by the forces of authority from the north. How punitive we cannot know, for the areas concerned are banned to the press. Alarming stories are filtering out—with a fair number of refugees—into Uganda. These may be untrue, or at least exaggerated. But Britain, which—in our view inevitably—created the situation where the primitive people of the southern Sudan are ruled by the Arabs in the north, has an inescapable obligation to do what can be done to elicit the facts. Here surely is a field in which, for electoral reasons, Egyptian co-operation might be expected. Why should not Britain now invite Egypt to join in a proposal to the Sudanese Government that an international fact-finding commission (accompanied by an uncensored press) should have free access to Equatoria? Ismail el Azhari and his colleagues must realise as they seek to establish their sovereignty that the sympathy of the outside world, and indeed the acceptance by world opinion of Sudanese nationhood, depend to a great extent on the Sudanese Government's being able to demonstrate that it has the humanity as well as the power to govern.

The Saar Dilemma

The decisive rejection of the Saar Statute must be interpreted—despite the calm in which polling took place—as an alarming symptom of the resurgence of German nationalism; and many commentators have drawn the obvious analogy with the tragic referendum of 1935. It would, however, be incorrect to attribute the negative vote purely to pro-German sentiment. The Saarlanders accepted the economic union with France in 1947 because it was to their advantage: they avoided having their industry dismantled, and they shared the relatively high level of prosperity enjoyed by France. Now, however, the German economy has been rebuilt, living standards are rising more rapidly than in France, and Saar industry has a greater chance of competing successfully with Lorraine if it is more closely linked with Germany. To many Saarlanders, the rejection of the Statute must have seemed, apart from anything else, pure common sense.

The result, though expected, has plunged the foreign offices of western Europe into confusion. Last Friday, before the vote, M. Pinay announced that rejection of the Statute would automatically entail a return to the *status quo*—which means, presumably, the 1947 agreement. The Quai d'Orsay statement on Monday that "the new situation can only be considered within the legal framework of existing institutions and structures" seems to reaffirm this view. But there are good reasons why a return to the 1947 Agreement is impossible. The French High Commissioner, who acted as Head of State until last July, cannot now be restored. Nor will it be possible to re-impose the ban on pro-German parties which was lifted at the beginning of the referendum campaign. Thirdly, the case for immediate elections, in which pro-German parties will be allowed to partake, is clearly a strong one. Indeed, Dr. Hoffman's resignation, in favour of a caretaker government presided over by a technician, makes an early election inevitable. M. Dehousse, the Belgian chairman of the W.E.U. Commission, has already announced that the Commission will continue to operate until the end of November, and it is difficult to see how he can refuse the demand of the pro-German parties to perform the functions of Head of State and supervise the elections—though thereby he directly contradicts the French thesis.

Nevertheless, French views will have to be considered: and here lies the difficulty. The 1947 arrangement was accepted by France in exchange for withdrawing her claims to German reparations. A permanent Franco-Saar economic union, designed to maintain the industrial balance between France and Germany, was made an explicit condition of French membership of W.E.U., and an implicit condition of French membership of the European Coal-Steel Community. Any French Government which substantially retreats from the position maintained by Mendès-France last October—which is now clearly unacceptable to the Saar—risks defeat, which could well be followed by an Assembly vote to quit either or both organisations.

Mr. Macmillan Waits . . .

The Western Foreign Ministers, having completed in Paris a draft of the new "security on the instalment plan" proposal, have now moved on to Geneva. But with Russian rejection a virtual certainty, interest has shifted to the "informal" discussions on the Middle East which will now be held during the Conference. What part Britain will play in these talks is not yet clear. Mr. Dulles's announcement seems to have come as a shock to the Foreign Office, and no arrangements have been made for officials of the Middle Eastern Department to be present at Geneva. Clearly, Britain wishes to postpone any decisions until the first meeting of the Baghdad powers has taken place; and the fact that the British representative will be Mr. Selwyn Lloyd implies that the Government still regards the Middle East as primarily a military problem. Yet the diplomatic issues cannot be avoided indefinitely. The Czech arms deal and the new Syrian-Egyptian unified command have, whether the Foreign Office likes it or not, created a new situation in the Middle East. The balance of power, on which the 1951 Tripartite Declaration was based, has been upset; and Mr. Sharrett's hurried flight to Paris is proof of the growing alarm in Israel. Mr. Macmillan's apparent complacency is, therefore, grossly misplaced; and his refusal, on the grounds of a loaded timetable, to grant Mr. Sharrett anything more than a formal interview in Paris—although he found time to discuss the Portuguese state visit—seems frivolous.

Re-forming the Chief of Staff

This week's changes in the authority of the Ministry of Defence and in the structure of the Chiefs of Staff Committee mark a small, inevitable and desirable step forward. Perhaps the most important problems raised on the allied side in the last war concern the structure of the high command. The establishment of a Ministry of Defence in 1946 by Mr. Attlee was recognition of the facts that modern war is inevitably an inter-service combined operation (with the R.A.F. as the premier service) and that the western alliance, with its increasing complexity of staff-work, has become a permanent feature of British military planning. But Mr. Attlee's defence ministry was given the very minimum powers—indeed its basic concept was of a Minister of Defence without extensive departmental responsibilities, on to whom the Prime Minister could divulge all the lesser political decisions in the field of defence. This caution, which was generally approved, arose from reluctance to move back towards the discredited commander-in-chief system, which prevailed in the army before the deliberations of Esher Committee and the Haldane reforms at the beginning of this century. Nevertheless, it has become increasingly obvious that the authority of the Ministry of Defence must be enhanced if joint planning—of production, logistics and manpower, as well as operations—is to be effective. Some influential spokesmen, including Mr. Shinwell, argue that the present reform does not go far enough and that greater statutory power must be given to the Ministry of Defence if it is to discipline individual service ministries. This criticism may prove valid; but it is perhaps wiser to tackle the problem step by step. There is no good case for weakening the Prime Minister's over-riding responsibility for defence; while the arguments in favour of a complete integration of the three services are, to say the least, questionable. Under the present dispensation, it will be for the Minister of Defence and the new chairman of the Chiefs of Staff (significantly and properly an airman) to impose the Government's will on service planning. It is for the Prime Minister himself, and the Cabinet, to give them all the backing they need.

The Glaoui's Volte-face

The Glaoui's announcement on Tuesday that he considers the Moroccan Regency Council illegal, and that the ex-Sultan, Ben Youssef, should be reinstated forthwith, has thrown the French Government into confusion. During the recent debate on Morocco, M. Faure formally declared that the Government would in no circumstances permit Ben Youssef's return to Morocco, and that his repatriation to France was purely a measure of personal clemency; the argument he used to justify this decision was that Ben Youssef had been legally deposed and that he was unacceptable to a substantial section of Moroccan opinion. El Glaoui's *volte-face*—clearly intended to bolster up his waning prestige among the Berbers—destroys M. Faure's argument at one

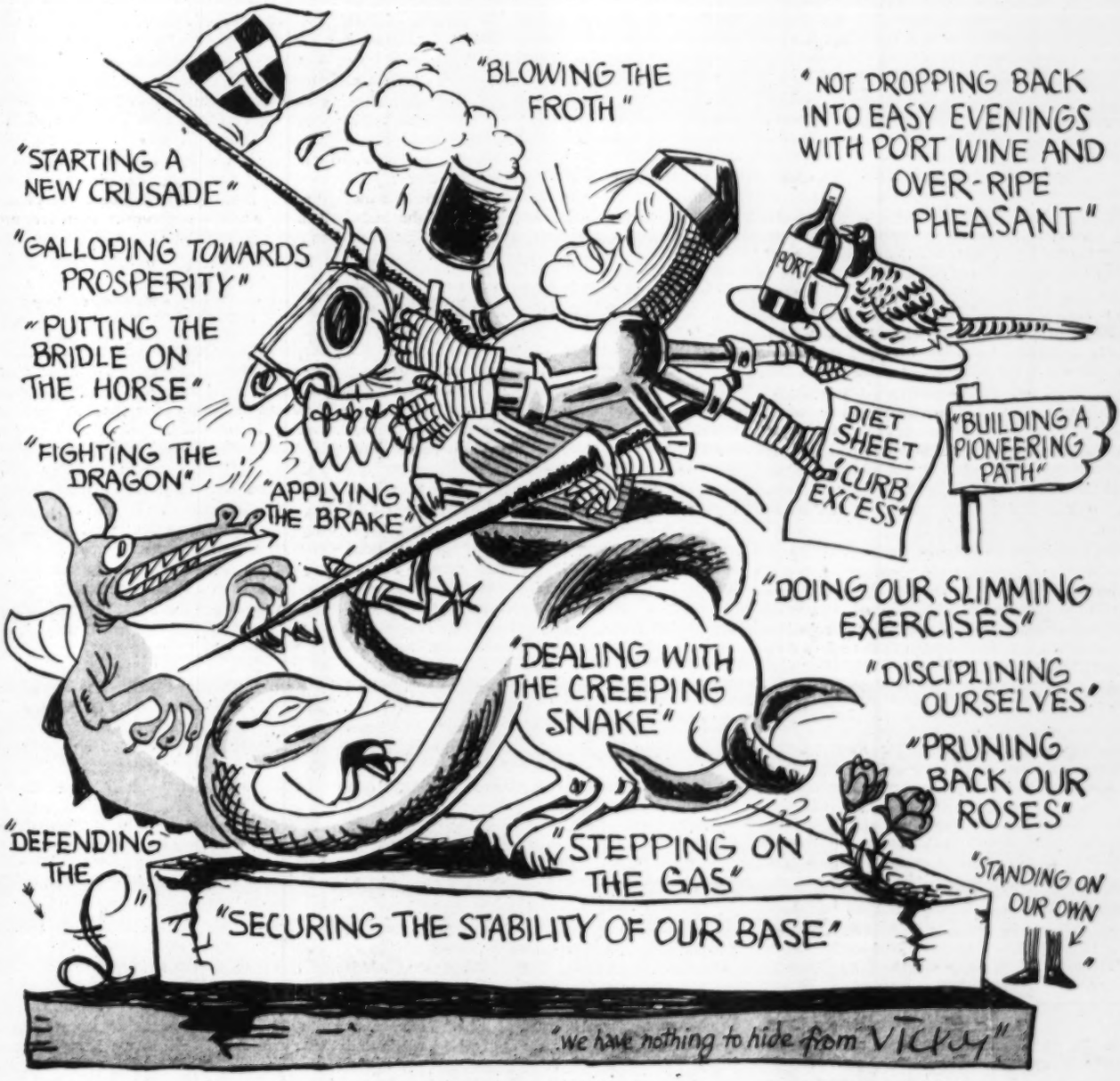
blow, and the desire of the Moroccans to see Ben Youssef reinstated may now fairly be said to be unanimous. The Government must now either renounce their often-stated principle that the question of the throne is purely a matter for the Moroccans to decide—thus violating the terms of the Protectorate Treaty—or risk antagonising the *colons* and a substantial section of their majority.

Breakdown of Law in Kenya

The latest developments in the case of Kamau Kachina will hearten those who sometimes wonder whether public protest has any effect. After this journal drew attention to the distortion of justice in Kenya which the case revealed, questions were tabled in the Commons calling for police reforms in the colony along the lines proposed by Colonel Young and for a high-level judicial inquiry into the conduct of this and similar cases, a demand which the National Executive of the Labour Party has also voiced. Since that time the Kenya authorities have moved with remarkable speed. The Supreme Court has stepped in to review the sentences; and the Kenya Government has now announced that a Bill is to be introduced which will provide that temporary district officers of all kinds shall not in future have "ex officio" magisterial powers. These concessions, welcome though they are, have nevertheless tended to strengthen the sense of public uneasiness. There can be no more vivid proof that the rule of law has broken down in Kenya than the fact that the Supreme Court has had to step in to revise the sentences in such a case. Nor has the Colonial Secretary explained why the charge against the police officers was altered from the original one of murder—a step which could only be taken with the consent of the prosecution, and so of the Attorney General's department in Nairobi. There also remains the nagging doubt as to how many similar cases in Kenya never find their way into the courts at all because the Administration, which controls the police, finds it "politically inexpedient" for charges to be pressed.

Grammar School Entrance

The Kent Education Committee this week proposed to abolish the competitive entrance examination for grammar and secondary schools. Other counties, notably Hertfordshire and the West Riding, have made a similar decision and each of them is trying a different method of selection. In Kent, the places will go to children selected on head teachers' reports and standard and intelligence tests spread over four years, but entrance will not be rigidly confined to those chosen in this way. Since a "second chance" examination at thirteen is also to be abolished, supplementary entrance will be permitted by special recommendation of head masters. This is, in fact, a selection system which is designed to offer the flexibility of the multilateral school without running into the administrative and building problems that large school "complexes" involve. What it will not do, however, is to solve the problem of "esteem": the social structure of the Kent school system will remain unchanged.


"BLOWING THE FROTH"
"NOT DROPPING BACK INTO EASY EVENINGS WITH PORT WINE AND OVER-RIPE PHEASANT"
"STARTING A NEW CRUSADE"
"GALLOPING TOWARDS PROSPERITY"
"PUTTING THE BRIDLE ON THE HORSE"
PORT
DIET SHEET
"CURB EXCESS"
"BUILDING A PIONEERING PATH"
"FIGHTING THE DRAGON"
"APPLYING THE BRAKE"
"DOING OUR SLIMMING EXERCISES"
"DEALING WITH THE CREEPING SNAKE"
"DISCIPLINING OURSELVES"
"PRUNING BACK OUR ROSES"
"DEFENDING THE"
"STEPPING ON THE GAS"
"STANDING ON OUR OWN"
"SECURING THE STABILITY OF OUR BASE"
"we have nothing to hide from VICKY"

" We are trying to do too much at once . . . "—Mr. Butler, Sept. 19

News from Our Own Correspondents

Westminster

Ancient Rights

Herbert the Old Pretender sat on the left of Labour's Leader; to the right stretched the Younger Pretenders, *diminuendo* towards the Speaker's Chair. What were they thinking of as they faced the congested Tories? Of Cut-the-call-up, of the Rule-o-Three, of Why-wait-to-inherit? Their memories may well have turned to the play, popular in the minor public schools, in which the heirs are quarrelling gaily about the share-out when Grandpa whom they thought was done-for comes clumping down the stairs. There is no doubt that on Parliament's opening day, though all were spry, Labour's Grandpas were spriest of all—the Leader, Manny Shinwell, and, by the title of his silver beard, Sydney Silverman.

The opening day of Parliament requires a tussle between Private Members and the Executive. A supine House of Commons will always be ready to kiss the foot of patronage. A virile Chamber, by contrast, will, through Members like Shinwell or Delargy, challenge at every stage any attempt by the Executive, whether independently or through a concert of the party caucuses, to govern behind Parliament's back. So it was that Shinwell complained about the Fourteen-day Rule. The Liberals, who at first played a characteristically dithering and equivocal role in the matter, asked through Grimond their expected questions about radio and Government. Stronger protests came from the Labour back benches.

How flaccid the Tory Private Members were in all this! It's true they were subdued at the prospect of the Budget. Is there anyone who's never quaked when expecting six of the best? But the Tories who had been loudest against the Fourteen-day Rule were worse than silent; they yah-yahed at the tops of their voices when the Prime Minister spoke of the "frenzied agitation" outside—as if spontaneous disagreement were agitation, and back-benchers had no rights except to acquiesce. The claque of Tory Ministers who joined in the cheering might have remembered with suitable humility that they themselves are already earmarked as to-morrow's back-benchers.

When will the Prime Minister cut down his dandelions? No one could be quite sure. He himself came into the Chamber like a whisper at Question 40. He hesitated near a junior Whip, chassised, dawdled, waited for the applause, and in its absence, sat. Perhaps he wasn't recognised. Or perhaps he was overlooked in the lively volleying between the parties. He was in his most lucid debating form on questions of defence. His detractors might consider how rarely he leaves a sentence in suspense or admits a *non sequitur*; and then think how often they do so themselves.

While the Prime Minister was tangling with Shinwell, the attendants were marching along the far aisles with Green Cards sent in by the Communist Lobby outside. Remembering the tumult of the last mass-lobby, the police had ordered their arrangements with great skill. A pretty policewoman stalked the Central Hall rather like an air-hostess, stilling masculine anxieties and civilising their passions. The result was a vindication of the democratic right of constituents, whether they belong to the League of Empire Loyalists or to the Peace Pledge Union, to call on their Member in the place where he represents them. In the event, the lobbyists turned out to be typically earnest working-class Communists for the most part, arguing a stylised Party line—to what useful purpose it was hard to discover.

In a well ordered system of Government, the kind that party bosses like, there would be no nuisances—no lobbying, no independent Motions, no irritating questions, no objection from non-Parliamentary platforms to *ex-cathedra* views. But that sort of tidiness would hardly be democratic. The demand by back-benchers on October 25 that ancient rights should be respected was a warning and a challenge to the pontiffs.

MAURICE EDELMAN

Paris

The Procedural Battle

Our Paris Correspondent writes: M. Faure's decision to hold December elections, together with his speech at Annecy last week, in which he solemnly denied that it would be necessary to raise taxes or recall reservists, form a deception so transparent that the Opposition should, at first glance, have no difficulty in exposing it. But here it should it should be remembered that in France the greatest political battles are won by procedural victories—and in the realm of Assembly procedure, M. Faure is a master. The battle being fought this week in the Assembly could result in the survival of the Government not merely for a few weeks, but for five years. For if the Assembly agrees to immediate elections without changing the electoral law, roughly the same majority will be returned to the Palais Bourbon in January, and the familiar Ministerial quadrille—danced by MM. Faure, Bidault, Pinay *et alia*—will begin all over again. Within the present system of *apparentements*, the Centre-Right is bound to emerge victorious. The opposition—C.P., Socialists and Mendèsistes—may vote against the Government, but they are not yet prepared to conclude an electoral alliance. In contrast, the other parties will be *apparentés* in every department, and even if they lose votes they will gain seats. In 1951, the Gaullists as well as the C.P. were treated as political outcasts by the other parties—and this helped to maintain some sort of balance between the two extremes of French politics; but this time most of the Gaullists will form alliances with the so-called Moderates. In addition, M. Monnet and his "European" friends are making strenuous efforts—both financial and otherwise—to re-create the old European alliance between the M.R.P. and the Socialists. Since the Socialists are, in Maurice Duverger's words, "half European, quarter Mendèsiste, and quarter Socialist," this means that in a number of departments the Socialists may be grouped not with the Left but with the Centre-Right.

Enough deputies are opposed to immediate elections to ensure the overthrow of the Government; but under the new procedure, the *pointillage* system, which enabled the deputies to calculate majorities before the votes were cast, no longer works. If 312 or more deputies vote against the Government, M. Faure has the right to dissolve the Assembly—hence, any mistake in the Opposition's calculations could be disastrous, and M. Faure is counting on their fear of this risk to carry him through.

"The Times" and Monarchy

BUCKINGHAM PALACE has spoken—through the columns of *The Times*. Its accents recall the unctuous tone of Cosmo Cantuar in 1936. Having itself failed to publish any information about Princess Margaret's problem, *The Times* now presumes that responsible people have hitherto held their tongues on the subject because they "knew too little and cared too much." It then bases its argument on the assumption of facts which were precisely stated in this journal as long ago as August 27, and which have been daily repeated in the popular press. Except for the readers of *The Times*, everyone knows of the Princess's desire to marry and of the formidable opposition. Judging by *The Times* this week, the opposition is still clerical and undiminished.

The argument against the marriage is weighted with those vague and high-falutin' sentiments that remind one of the adage that "when bad German philosophers die they go to All Soul's." The Royal Family is the symbol of national unity. Admittedly the Royal Marriage Act of 1772 was introduced by a half-mad King as an act of revenge against his worse-than-mad sons. Admittedly, it is out of date and could be repealed. That would leave the Princess free to marry. In Scotland she could even be properly married in the Church, since it is only in the Southern part of the United Kingdom that the Anglican Church is established. Further, even in England, a large and growing part of the Church regards the attitude of the Archbishop and his faction towards divorce as mere obscurantism. What argument, then, has *The Times* left? That for the Princess to marry a man who has pleaded in the Divorce Courts would outrage part of the Anglican community, and thus damage the symbolic character of the Crown by causing pain to a section of the Queen's subjects. *The Times* therefore argues that if Princess Margaret decides to marry "the gallant officer" (not once does it contaminate the purity of its leader page by mentioning the name) she can do so only by renouncing her rather remote entitlement to the Throne, and abandoning "her place in the Royal Family as a group fulfilling innumerable symbolic and representative functions". If, on the other hand, she decides to renounce her marriage and spend the rest of her life walking in order of precedence two places behind her Royal sister, she will have the comfort of a good conscience, knowing "that happiness in the full sense is a spiritual state, and that its most precious element may be a sense of duty done."

Whether or not this sounds to Princess Margaret the cant that it does to us, we do not know. The common sense of the matter is, first, that the British public thinks the Princess should be allowed to decide her own marriage; secondly, that the chances of her accession to the Throne are remote; thirdly, that the idea of an English Queen with a husband who is not of royal descent and who once divorced his wife is not shocking to any significant section of the British public. If the Prime Minister and some of his colleagues and the chief officials of the country can retain office after divorcing their wives, in what way does it matter that the Queen's sister should be in the same position?

Shorn of the flummery and abracadabra, the whole issue comes down to whether there is a traditional Establishment of Church and State, sacrosanct and above the democracy it is supposed to symbolise. Cannot we have a monarchy (if we have one at all) where, as in Denmark, comparatively ordinary human beings carry out necessary functions of State?

The New Statesman Reader

PEOPLE who send out questionnaires, like other fishermen, are usually out for some particular catch, and dangle the appropriate bait. But if you simply want to find out what kind of fish may be swimming in your ocean, you can just drop your net and haul it up and see what comes spilling out. If NEW STATESMAN readers can be submitted to this fishy comparison, what a netful of individual finny wonders we have drawn up!

Mere statistics, useful though they may be, must conceal the flavour and diversity of the 9,000 replies to the questionnaire that have been analysed. Nearly all those who answered bought the paper themselves: the club reader and borrower seldom replied. About 41 per cent. of them are university graduates and a large proportion of them are motorists; two-thirds of them travel abroad for work or pleasure—and many of them, since they are an ingenious lot, for a mixture of the two. Most of them are still young, but old-established readers. No one will be surprised to hear that the five largest groups include teachers (university and school) and civil servants, but it may be more surprising that technicians and scientists come next, with professional people and business executives running them hard. Clerical workers with other categories, such as students of various groups, artists and actors, come well below. There are also a number of engine drivers, many military gentlemen and ministers of every religion as well as baronets, actuaries, coppersmiths, scientific abstractors, and a taxi-driver in Israel who sent messages to his more notable English fares. It seems as if that favourite character of intimate revue, the gangling youth with the damp hair and an *N.S. & N.* under his arm, is even more mythical than we have always thought him.

The figures, then, make prim reading compared with the unscientific pastime of turning over the replies; this is like entering a roomful of fascinating strangers, relaxed after a drink and bent on giving themselves away. Many papers, of course, have been completed in a neat, businesslike way which was all that could be expected, but the majority spill over into splendid expressive extras whenever there was a bit of space left empty. Who could guess, from a non-committal heading like "social activities" in the hobbies section, how many readers admit to "women" as their pastime, and how many more to wine? Climbing and walking might have been expected, as active hobbies, but how about judo and sailing and huntin' and shootin' and fishin'? Reading and the Arts, of course; nor is gardening a surprise, the English all being gardeners under the skin, but then vintage cars and painting and pigeons and Esperanto have to be accommodated.

With such a diversity of interests it is not surprising that the common factor in the answers is some sort of sympathy with the paper as a whole, a liking for its quirks and for the odd people who write in it and the individuality of its opinions. Among regular features of the paper, Book Reviews as a whole come second in popularity only to the London Diary; Correspondence and This England run them close and the Front Page and the Leading Articles have a slight lead over the Competitions, Books in General and even the famous "small adverts", so often said to be read first by the discriminating.

Although the individual replies are so—well, individual, some fairly coherent groups take shape. It is not easy to put a name to these, without libellous overtones, but since all the world's queer, save thee and me, it may be worth trying. The first that comes to mind is the "plain man" section, a group asking for instruction and leadership, but holding to solidly founded opinions all the same. Many, it is clear, base their regular Saturday night argument on the *N.S. & N.* The lower-paid workers in this group are mostly drivers or skilled manual workers, carpenters or postmen or agricultural labourers, people who have a certain chance of working at their own pace, people with a bit of time to do their thinking. These are the people who resent any whiff of "highbrowism" or what several have called "graduate smugness," and some of them get angry when too many foreign phrases embellish the articles. But it was undoubtedly an extremist who said he "had never liked foreign languages."

The plain men are balanced by the thorough-going intellectuals. These people crop up everywhere, irrespective of income group or occupation, and they are the readers who would welcome longer and more erudite reviews, no shorter notices, more articles on abstruse subjects, reviews of foreign books in the appropriate language, more art, or more music, or more economics. They tend to disagree violently with the paper on their special subjects, but remain, all the same, as devoted as they may be this side of idolatry.

Then there is a group that we might call the intelligent ordinaries, a classification to which few would admit, but which probably makes up the backbone of the readership. These people are mostly very busy with their lives, professionals or technicians, and they are happy to take what comes, cheerfully skipping what they can't digest. It may be modern poems or currency questions or French politics which send them off to sleep, but in the main they feel up to date when they have "seen the Statesman." Their comments are apt to end with a plea or two—"more tolerance for unsophisticated pleasures such as sport and the Royal Family" is a good example.

There are several smaller groups, united only by a common demand or criticism. Of these, the regionals are particularly noticeable. There is an outcry for provincial news, for a less London-based point of view, and many overseas and provincial readers ask for special numbers dealing with the affairs of their own part of the world. 4,400 out of 9,000 of the replies came from London and the Home Counties; the rest from the provinces and every country in the five Continents. Incidentally, it seems that the paper is all things to all men—anti-American, pro-American, anti-French, pro-French, pro-Israeli, pro-Arab. Another criticism comes from those who are dissatisfied with the *N.S. & N.* treatment of some particular subject; religion, education, industrial affairs, architecture and psychology are all, in the eyes of some groups, insufficiently covered, or treated with unjustified bias.

In a set of people so non-conforming, it is interesting to find a few attitudes turning up time and again. There is a certain proprietary and family feeling towards the paper, which comes out in requests for pictures and biographies of the contributors. There is fine jealousy for the paper's reputation, emerging in comments that some article or point of view is "unworthy" of the general standard. And there is terrible sniping from a few purists at "capitalist" advertising: like other fine souls, they have not thought how the world would go round without sin and how dull a newspaper looks if capitalists do not think its readers worth pursuing.

Affection for the paper shows itself in a number of ways, sometimes in a slightly grousing, married sort of tone, pointing out a fault while bearing with it, sometimes as a relationship pleasantly expressed by the reader who no longer has time for the paper every week, but buys a copy now and then "to see how you are." There is a good deal of simple gratitude: "please continue to enlighten the ignorant Robinsons," and, evidently, much silent and pleasurable disagreement: "I only buy the paper to see the Other Point of View."

Replies to the question about "political leanings" were carefully qualified. 5,248 (out of the 9,000) supported the Labour Party with endless marginal reservations, if and but and *faute-de-mieux*, and there is a great deal of strong but frustrated Liberal feeling expressed apart from the few who said they were Liberals. More claimed to be Conservatives, but there were only 170 Communists. 2,157 refused to be committed party supporters. This condition of doubt—or at least of falling short of certainty—fits in with the recurring demand for a restatement of basic Socialist principles, reminiscences of early Socialist leaders, and other political groundwork, to be provided in addition to the comment on day-to-day politics. Something of the same attitude is suggested by the other papers read: on Sundays the *Observer* first, with the *Sunday Times* far behind and the rest nowhere: on weekdays the *News Chronicle*, *Manchester Guardian*, *The Times* in that order, with the others merely also rans. Answers on religious beliefs were also much qualified, many people giving their first attachment and their present state of grace. This was another question which produced enormous diversity, from Taoists to Groupers through every shade between. 1,770 said they were Anglicans, 309 Catholics, and only 88 were willing to call themselves Rationalists, though no doubt the 4,273 with No Religion included many who would often be so classified. In religion too, there is the same demand for reassessment and comparison between different forms of belief. These two sets of answers, taken together, suggest the existence of a body of readers with a vast appetite for solid reading.

The appetite for solids, the realisation that there is a shocking amount to know and not enough time to get to know it, emerges again and again in the demand for factual articles of all kinds, especially on scientific subjects. They, the readers, want to be told what the scientists are up to, and, if possible, whether it is a good thing. They also want to know more and more and more about foreign affairs, not so much the in-and-out of the political scene, but the social and economic set-up everywhere: most parts of the globe have their fanciers.

Those who made suggestions for new features produced lively and thought-provoking, but not perhaps startling, ideas. In the main they wanted more of this and less of that, rather than a complete revision of the list of contents. Nobody hankered for the cosiness of the regular woman's feature, though some asked for more articles by, and of interest to, women. Others asked for some younger contributors, perhaps sending news from the universities. There is a formidable Bridge articles party, quite a feeling for sport, a small but flourishing demand for more new poetry and "creative" writing, a suspicion that the competitions have become a bit of a club, a shout for more music and more visual art. "Please publish the results of this questionnaire" appeared fairly regularly, but many seemed alarmed (quite unnecessarily) by the idea that we may be unduly influenced by the answers and led by the nose thereafter.

Who are they then, the 9,500 people who replied, and may presumably be taken as typical?

Not "types" at all, as one had always suspected, their only common characteristic, it seems, a tendency to ask "why?" pretty often. Let a reader produce the summing-up: "You seem to be acquiring a useful status," says he, "as a sort of intangible non-located club for people who don't like mixing very much, but value each other's mental atmosphere." Fair enough!

EDITOR

A booklet which gives fuller details of the questionnaire results is in preparation. Readers who wish to receive a copy on publication should send one shilling to the Publisher, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

India's New Map

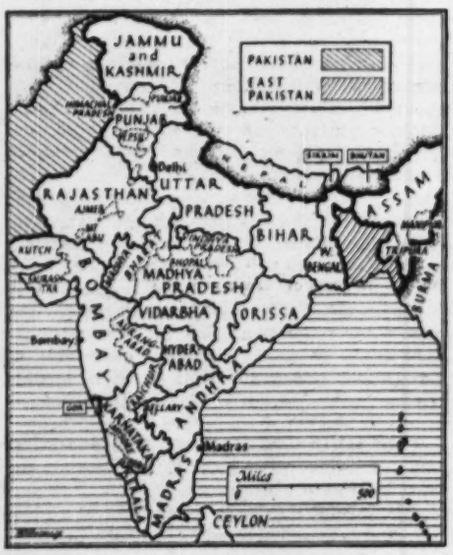
[The Indian Government is at present discussing the recommendations of the States Re-organisation Commission appointed on December 29, 1953. After travelling 38,000 miles, studying more than 152,000 telegrams, resolutions and memoranda and interviewing 9,000 people, the Commission proposed to redraw completely the map of India, altering the boundaries of existing states, and making three new ones, Kerala, Karnataka and Vidarbha. In the following article Mr. Chalapathi Rau, for many years Editor of the National Herald *discusses the details of the Report and the problems involved.]*

INDIA'S map, as redrawn by the States Reorganisation Commission, will contain sixteen states, instead of the present twenty-seven, and three centrally administered areas. The states will not be classified and given differing constitutional status as at present. This simplicity of design has been achieved by enforcing the objectives of the unity and security of the country, of administrative convenience and of economic and financial viability. The language and culture of an area as representing a common pattern of living has been an important but not exclusive consideration. The majority of the states are already unilingual. Fourteen will now be unilingual states (but not because of exclusive linguistic and cultural considerations) and two will be bilingual. There will be four Hindi-speaking and two Telugu-speaking states. In the bilingual Bombay state, Maharashtrians will keep jostling together with Gujaratis and there will also be the separate Maharashtra state of Vidarbha. The Punjab will be both Hindi-speaking and Punjabi-speaking. The commission has laid down that a state would be unilingual only where one language group constituted 70 per cent. or more of its population.

Nothing but highmindedness was expected of the high-level three-man commission, but the question is whether the redrawn map will satisfy the strongly expressed urges of people brought up for long on the logic of linguistic provinces. The first reference to linguistic considerations, strangely enough, was in Curzon's notes on the Bengal Partition; there were references later in the Montagu-Chelmsford Report, the Simon Commission Report and the Nehru Report. The Congress redrew its map on a language basis at the Nagpur session of 1920. Next to Congressmen, who have been addicts to states on a linguistic basis, come Communists, brought up on the Soviet logic of autonomy and nationalities. Languages became the basis for an unevenly developed feeling that there were sub-cultures and sub-nations. In a British India which had grown from accident, accretion, lapse and annexation, the case for re-arrangement was irresistible. Orissa and Sind were separated early, and, after a painful process, Andhra had to be separated from Madras. Re-arrangement of states seemed feasible because India is not a federation of sovereign units, an "indestructible union of indestructible states," and it could be done by Parliament without constitutional amendment. But where was re-organisation to stop?

The commission, in redrawing the map of the entire country, has conceded the demand for linguistic states where other considerations have been satisfied. The departures from the linguistic basis are striking. The commission has refused to recommend a Punjabi-speaking state which would have meant a Sikh state and, therefore, a communal state in the northern border of India. It would have merely left the Sikhs stronger in areas where they are strong and weaker in areas where they are weak. With Himachal Pradesh and Pepsu added, the new Punjab will be bilingual and could make the maximum use of the vast power and irrigation projects of the area. Similarly, the commission has refused to change the present cosmopolitan position of Bombay City, surrounded by a Maharashtrian hinterland. But the Maharashtrian areas of Hyderabad will be added to Bombay state giving Maharashtrians sufficient compensation in strength for the addition of Gujarati-speaking Saurashtra and Kutch. The eight Marathi-speaking districts of Madhya Pradesh, representing Berar, will be a Maharashtrian state round Nagpur. It will be viable and contains the most important cotton-growing areas of the country. But Maharashtrian sentiment has been deeply hurt and the greatest trouble will be from this quarter.

The disintegration of Hyderabad, another major step, follows the linguistic pattern and offers satisfaction to the three language groups. Here the long unity of the state did not mean a common culture except in the cities, where too it was mostly court culture. The Telugu-speaking area of Telengana, however, is on economic grounds to remain separate from Telugu-speaking Andhra, and if after the 1961 or 1962 general elections, the comparatively backward people of Telengana decide through their legislature to join Andhra, they will do so with some kind of devolution not to lose present privileges. The Andhras, with a financial deficit and other problems, are not likely to be shaken by this solution, but the pace and timing of unification will depend on the Congress-Communist power balance. The new Madhya Pradesh, made of the residuary areas of the present Madhya Pradesh and Madhya Bharat and Vindhya Pradesh, spread-eagled in the centre of the map, is likely to serve



the cause of unity. It will be the largest state in area with a population of 26 million and has a new steel plant added to its vast natural resources. The two new states of Karnataka and Kerala and the residuary Madras state follow the linguistic pattern but with some variations. The Telugu-dominated gold-mining area of Kolar is to remain with Karnataka but the entire Bellary district, much of which including the Bellary town has been conceded to Karnataka under several awards, has been assigned to Andhra to give it access to the headworks of the Tungabhadra project. Madras City, mainly Tamil, remains with the Tamils and the argument of historical origins has been in this as in all other cases considered irrelevant.

The Commission has refused to think of making the fluid northeast more fluid by creating new states. No hill states are to be carved out of Assam, with its three international frontiers. The North-Eastern Frontier Agency is to be the Centre's responsibility, though constitutionally attached to Assam, and Tripura has been incorporated. Manipur, distinctive in several ways, is to be Centrally administered with representation in Parliament but without the luxury of a legislature. Assam's is a problem of communications and the living and educational standards of its hill peoples require high priority. The demand for a Jharkhand state, for the Adivasis, has been rejected on the ground that they are not a compact group living in a contiguous area. Parts of the Purnea and Manbhum districts are to be transferred for administrative reasons from Bihar to West Bengal, representing a small part of a strongly emotional Bengali demand.

The new look will be considered satisfactory by those who are not attached to any agitation. The states at present are unequal in size, population and resources; they are also unequal before the law. In the new pattern, the states will be viable administrative units, able to maintain and develop themselves and run efficient democratic governments. Part-B states, created in the historic, if muddled, process of integration, are to disappear with their rajpramukhs, whose privy purses will remain unreduced. The disappearance of Part-C states, including Delhi state, nursed on parochial feeling, will be welcomed. There will be no new or old Delhi. It will be one Delhi with a corporation and unattached to any state, a kind of Washington, D.C. The rearrangement of states follows natural economic regions, and wide disparities in natural resources has been avoided.

The increase in the number of unilingual states is not intended to alter the unitary character of the constitution. The Soviet and Yugoslav parallel of the maximum amount of autonomy has been considered by the Commission and rejected. In India one-party domination is not desired, and the unity behind the union of states has to be independent of political parties. It has to be constitutional and administrative unity re-establishing the underlying unity of the country. The Commission has suggested revival of some all-India cadres of service, constitution of public service commissions for more than one state, educational safeguards for linguistic minorities, development boards for backward areas. It has suggested constitutional recognition of the right to instruction in the mother tongue at primary stage and outside recruitment for state High Courts. Mr. Panikkar's note of dissent advocating division of Uttar Pradesh illustrates an inherent danger usually overlooked. U.P. is the most populous State and has five members in the Central cabinet holding important portfolios. This dominance may not be lasting. But between the

largest state in area, Madhya Pradesh, and the smallest state, Kerala, or between U.P., the most populous, and Vidarbha, the least populous, there is bound to be unbalance of one kind or another. It might be multiplied if the party in power at the centre ceases to be the party in power in some of the states. The American parallel seems to be appropriate and the present arrangement of a North Indian President and a South Indian Vice-President may be extended with variations. There is yet an invisible Great Wall between the North and the South. It could be broken with growing experience of nation-building. India, too, has her Solid South and its passions and sentiments cannot be ignored. The Hindi and non-Hindi areas and populations are balanced and there can be no complaint of Hindi domination, if the language question is wisely tackled. The population of a state like U.P. may be good for stability or for change; of all States, it is likely to be the Prussia of nationalist India or to provide the Russian core of socialist reconstruction. Delimitation of constituencies, division of assets and liabilities and reintegration of administrative services are colossal tasks for a people preparing for the next general elections in a year. If Nehru and Congress can preserve the present temper, the Congress might, when it is in power in all the states, be able to solve yet one more big problem, before other parties take control of it.

M. CHALAPATHI RAU

London Diary

THE world, especially the German part of it, changes less than one would have hoped. The Saar seems not to have changed at all. I have sharp memories of the plebiscite in 1935. Then, as now, international authority did its best to ensure order and fair elections. The Nazis ran away with the show. The Social Democrats put up a fight; their useless slogan was *Für Deutschland; gegen Hitler*. At one vast meeting the Socialist leader, with the microphone in front of him, started by declaring that the Nazis would do all they could to suppress German democracy. The voice of the people, he declared, could not be stifled. . . . At that moment the Nazis cut off the electric current and he was left inaudible, opening and shutting his mouth like a fish. Thus died the liberal cliché that force is no match for spiritual power.

* * *

The authorities are now frantically worried about the results of myxomatosis. One of the principal objections has always been that a strain of rabbit would appear which was immune from the disease, or at any rate liable to survive its attacks. This, it seems, is now happening; we are in danger of soon having as many rabbits as ever. Farmers are now told to kill off any rabbits they see with any tools that come to hand. I should be surprised if they succeed in finishing the job. It is a very difficult as well as a conscience-burdening target to exterminate a species. Everybody has mixed feelings about it. The figures about a 20 per cent. or more increase in crop production as a result of myxomatosis are impressive. But you have only got to talk to agricultural labourers to see how little co-operation the farmer can expect in any efforts to exterminate rabbits. I talked to one the other day who said, "Oh, it is fine for the farmer. The land used to produce so much grain and grass for the farmer and so many rabbits for the labourer. Now the farmer gets more and we lose our meat." Then I noticed something else. The truth is that everybody is fond of rabbits. If we were exterminating rats, nobody would mind how cruelly we did it, but almost everybody in the countryside has been made miserable by the sight of these demented little creatures with their eyes falling out of their heads. I used to comfort myself by remembering that they would no longer be there to die in snares. People would no longer write to me from Devon and Cornwall to describe how they were kept awake at night by their screams. But if rabbits are now coming back immune from the disease, then we have made the worst of all possible worlds. We have had the cruelty; we shall still have the trapping and we shan't get rid of the rabbits. I was impressed by a landowner I came across the other day who, after talking about how much better his crops were as a result of getting rid of the rabbits, remarked that he had seen one the other day; so perhaps a few of them were coming back, and he added, with an apologetic cough, that he could not help liking to see "the little beggars running about again."

* * *

The uproar over the "14-day rule" has diverted attention from what is perhaps an even less defensible use of the P.M.G.'s power of veto. I refer to his instructions to the Welsh Broadcasting Council forbidding them to hold special political broadcasts on the Welsh Region. Plaid Cymru, the Welsh Nationalist Party, have now issued a short pamphlet on the subject. Under the agreement of 1947, parties become eligible for political broadcasts on the B.B.C. only if they can prove that they are putting up candidates in 50 constituencies—that is, one-twelfth of the total. Since there are only 36 Welsh seats, Plaid Cymru has always been automatically debarred. The Beveridge Commission drew attention to the unfairness of this arrangement, and for some time the Welsh Council has been discussing a change. At the end of last year, it announced that any party putting up candidates in one-twelfth of the Welsh seats would be allowed a 15 minutes' broadcast every six months on the Welsh Region. In February, leaders of the three main political parties met members of the Welsh Council in London and asked for the plan to be scrapped. The Council refused, whereupon the P.M.G. informed them, in April, that he would use his power of veto if they tried to go ahead. The most disturbing aspect of the whole business is that the Labour Party—which has, naturally, more to fear from Welsh Nationalist candidates than the Tories—appears to have taken the lead in urging the ban on the P.M.G.

* * *

In the interval of the first night of Chinese Classical Theatre at the Palace Theatre, I ran into one of the most knowledgeable of Young China Hands. He said "This is all wrong, you know." "Oh, yeah!" I said, "You mean it is not very classical and only lasts two hours instead of seven, and the music sounds soft and westernised?" "Yes," he said, "and more than that. It is just as if the British, by way of presenting the Classical British Theatre to the world, were to show a couple of scenes from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, the clowns fooling in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and a couple of turns from the Palladium. All good, I grant you, but extracts chosen because they are amusing rather than because they are representative." "I dare say you are right," I replied. "Certainly tonight's show is not much like the one I saw in Peking a few weeks ago, when I was the only European in a vast sea of boiler-suited Chinese. But all wrong? No. It's gorgeous fun—the thing that the Chinese and British most easily share—and what fun the

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Monkey King is, and what a colossal success the whole thing is going to be! I'll prophesy a sharp demand in the shops for toys from the Chinese Opera, and as for their 'tumbling,' did you ever see anything like it?" I came out of the theatre with a rather stout, middle-aged Englishwoman, who was with difficulty restrained from turning back-somersaults down the Charing Cross Road!

* * *

At an age when most public men begin to pull out of their commitments, Sir Robert Mayer is cheerfully shouldering fresh burdens. For a whole generation his Children's Concerts have been an invaluable feature of our musical life; and this Saturday he begins a series of Youth Concerts at the Festival Hall under the auspices of a new organisation called "Youth and Music." Sir Robert's aim, I understand, is to preserve and foster the taste for good music which has perhaps been acquired during school days but wilts in adolescence. He hopes to undermine the excessively conservative choice of programme now offered at the average orchestral concert. "Youth and Music," whose offices are at 22 Bloomfield Street, E.C.2, is an English associate of the widespread Continental movement called "Jeunesse Musicales." In France, where the movement originated and is particularly vigorous, the "J.M.F." has its own monthly paper, and organises not only concerts but meetings at which composers like Honegger and Poulenc talk freely about their music and answer their young listeners' questions. I dare say many English composers would enjoy a similar chance to put their point of view before an audience of youthful but by no means undiscriminating enthusiasts.

* * *

The other day I had a beautiful vision. It came to me while I was being taken round Reed's paper mills at Aylesford in Kent—the largest and, I'm sure, the most efficient mixed paper mill in Europe. Has no detective story writer ever conceived of this simple, fool-proof, final and utterly satisfying means of journalistic vengeance? I watched the bundles of wood pulp being fed into the great vats where it is churned into porridge. I saw it flowing with the violence of Niagara down a chute and emerging, after a vast tumble in the rollers, solid and purged of impurities, respectable newsprint fit to be made into THE NEW STATESMAN and other less august journals. My mind, always evasive about technicalities, wandered off on a personal chase. Suppose I came here one day with old X, who has so often treated me with inadequate respect in his contemptible rag. . . . Courteous, old comrades in arms, we should look down into one of the vats; a nonchalant push and his cries are drowned in a whirl of machinery; in the centre of the vat he is seized with the rest of the pulp by the "agitator"—how agreeably ironic a fate for him, the grim old reactionary!—and after a few turbulent moments he is mingled with the pulp, crushed flat and swept with inconceivable velocity down a cataract with the water pouring out of him all the way. Then the great rollers catch him, play with him, tumble and somersault him, smooth him and refine him and squeeze him dry as *The Times*. If he snaps in the process—and who could blame him?—a score of swift and skilful hands are there to blow the fluttering bits of him off the rollers with hose-pipes; the machinery does not stop even for a second. In the bat of an eyelid the breakage is repaired and he is smoothly wound off on to a huge spindle, which a giant crane deposits on a neat pile ready for next week's issue. What if the *N.S. & N.* is a bit more pink than usual that week? No one will notice. What they will all applaud is the admirable generosity, the delicate affection and moving sincerity of the obituary that I shall, quite literally, write upon him.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

British troops patrolling Cypriot towns and villages will carry batons or pickaxe handles instead of rifles. They will strive to make friends with every man, woman and child.—*Daily Mirror*. (J. A. Ewart.)

—, in evidence, said that he hired the taxi-cab to collect money which the National Assistance Board owed him. He could have paid the taxi-cab driver after the board had paid him.—*Manchester Guardian*. (W. Sexton.)

Said Lieutenant-Commander C. H. Bunbury, navigator of the H.M.S. Diana, which had just arrived back at Rosyth Dockyard from Leningrad yesterday:

"I am afraid we found the entertainment a bit too cultural. They were always being asked what it was like in England and what they thought of Russia."—*News Chronicle*. (J. Miller.)

The Church of England has become an active investor in ordinary shares and a substantial customer of the Stock Exchange.—*Manchester Guardian*. (H. Norwood.)

Blue-print for the Use of Anti-Proton

"We are told that this sinister new particle might annihilate the basic unit of all matter."—*Daily Telegraph*.

At Westminster the lobbies hum,
The press reports some sharp debating;
The shape of shapeless thing to come
Is in one single para, stating
That man can skip re-incarnation
By one complete disintegration.

The scientists can now create
A Ptolemaic world, but flatter,
They know how to annihilate
The basic unity of matter.
I'd like to register *my* vote on
The proper use of Anti-Proton.

Science has yet to spill the beans
On Anti-Proton's retail uses,
Like liquidating girls in jeans
And Johnny Ray . . . which introduces
The general theme of an agenda—
Persons *delendi*, things *delenda*.

The Dockers (with their limousine—
Gold-plate and seats of zebra leather)
And Barbara Hutton long have been
Ripe for experiment, together
With Rothermere's and Beaver's Organs—
Good guinea-pigs for Super-Gorgons.

The Glaoui might enjoy the cure
(Promised a paradise of houris)—
He is expendable. I'm sure,
And I am certain that Latour is:
Le Général's fine public spirit
Immortalised could gather merit.

I cannot here enumerate
The bores of sound and television;
They will, in time, disintegrate.
But mark for more immediate fission
The studio claque whose robot laughter
Inevitably follows after.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

A Postcard from Dublin

NOTHING has changed: perhaps nothing ever will. The word Dublin means a Dark Pool and the image called up of a grey expanse of water, ruffled at times by a little breeze and, of course, with a certain agitated life in its depths, is no bad one. On the surface life follows its tranquil way, immune from outside influence. A notice in a shop announcing the firm's continuing readiness to send parcels of tinned salmon to Britain somehow emphasises this curious isolation.

Lord Nelson has not yet been removed from his commanding position on the Pillar. The little mazes of streets each side of the Liffey have not apparently been swept since last I saw them. Father Murphy is still, no doubt, of opinion that Irish marriages are the envy of the world. In O'Connell Street the small, ragged boys shake their collecting boxes indignantly at the passer-by for the Language Revival or the Martyrs in English Gaols or other perennially deserving objects. The alien beauties of Dublin's architecture continue to feed the eye and charm the mind as ever.

In a church, bright with varnished yellow pews and blue, pink and white plaster saints, a friar preaches fervently to a rapt congregation. "We should approach the Little Flower, my friends," he says, in the racy accents of the bogs, "as a business man approaches a member of the Dail—when we want something done." I have an odd sense of having been here many times before and, at this particular stage of the friar's address, I hasten away.

A little distance farther on, my friend the newspaper seller rushes up with his customary greeting of "God bless you, ma'am, I'm shtuck for the price of a drink." Newspapers work out at about two shillings each, for it would be wicked, in Dublin, to allow an appeal of this kind to go unregarded. The bottle is the Irishman's stay and his comfort: in it he finds, if not truth or peace, at least a momentary synthesis of confusions: and to contribute to one of these is probably the most we can do for him. Nevertheless, it adds to the high cost of living.

A distinguished scholar comes slowly across Merrion Square, gold-and-silvery under the autumn sun. He looks fiercely about him: now and again he stops entirely, snorting like an appalled race-horse. His lips are seen to move. Then he will break into a little run for a few paces, and again stop, clutching his head.

"Thinking about Ireland?" I suggest, as we draw level.

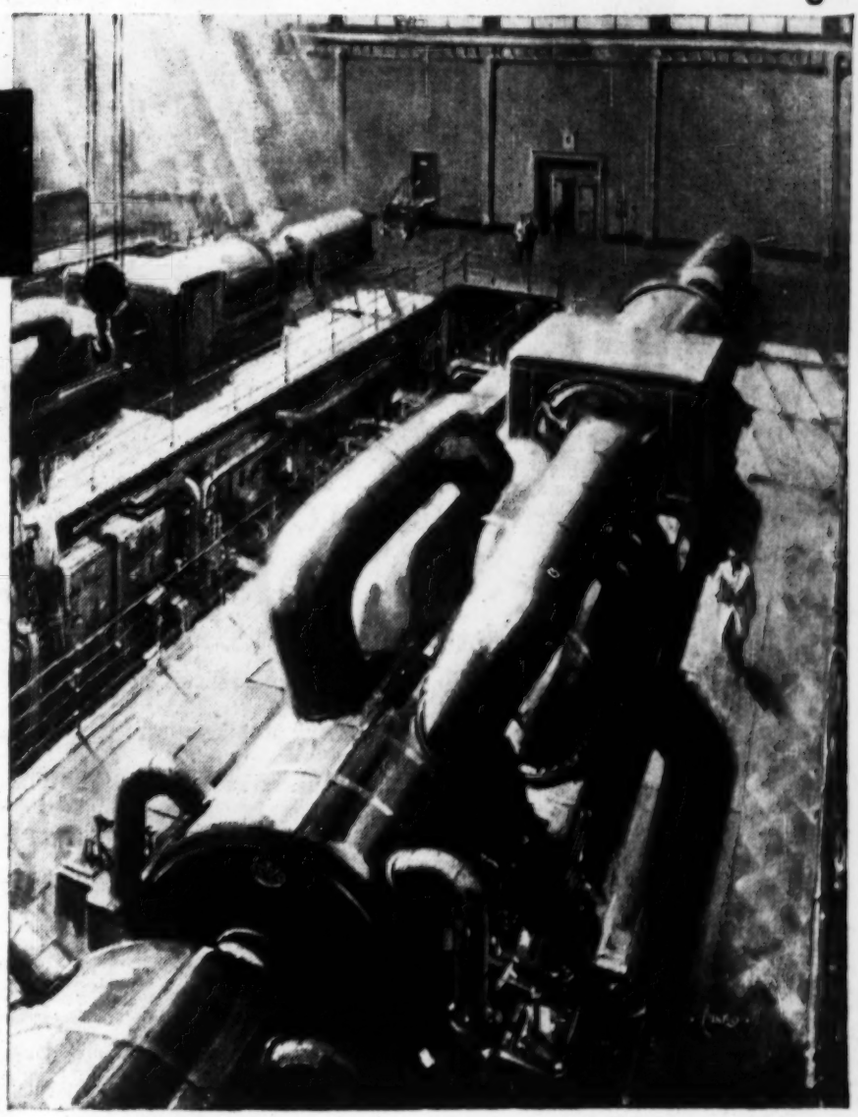
He laughs ruefully, without attempting to deny it: and, indeed, it would be idle to do so, as the choreography is unmistakable.

Yes, Dublin is her own dear self. And how keen is my regret that I missed one of those times when she is more gloriously herself than at any other. I was out of Dublin the day that three members of the Irish Republican Army were sentenced to imprisonment for life by an English judge. At such moments every bat in the national belfry takes wing. Most cities have a lunatic fringe, but here is one with a lunatic core. Far from capering joyously on the periphery, the lunatic element bides its time at the very centre and heart: it does not press from without but radiates steadily from within, awaiting only an occasion to which it can rise with a happy sense of release, like a balloon at last freed from its moorings.

There appears to be a notion abroad that the

G.E.C. AND THE CHANGING WORLD 3

MODERN ELECTRIC POWER GENERATION



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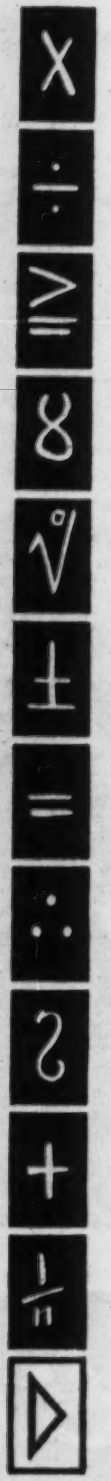

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NE 100

I.R.A. is something apart, untypical, composed of young hot-heads whose pranks are deplored by the great right-thinking mass of the people. Like so many foreign views of Ireland, this is mistaken. The un-Irish thing about the Army is its preparedness to act, to take risks, even to plan ahead: in point of view, in mythology and above all in logic, it is in the finest and purest native tradition.

The news, then, that three more young thugs have come to grief will cause a number of seemingly rational people to strike attitudes not their own. Or rather, attitudes contrary to those they normally strike, for what an Irishman's "real" attitude to anything is, is a puzzle. A friend of mine, devout, orthodox and highly respectable, once declared that there was no such thing as truth and if there were he should refuse to believe in it. He was joking, but this is the long and the short of it.

A. will let fly at the iniquity of the English in tearing away from the arms of Mother Erin, and holding by force her six lovely children. The interesting thing here is that A. can hardly wait to put as much distance between himself and Mother Erin as possible. Indeed, if it cannot soon be managed, he hints, he may go mad. At the same time he burns with indignation to think of others barred from the felicities he hopes to flee. B., who goes in dread of his own shadow, is fired by the mock heroics, the ambushes, revolvers, masks, bloodshed, recalling glories of the troubled times, hallucinatory for the most part but now securely embedded in the national myth. C. is haunted by the savagery of the English judge. "Aren't they the same today as they always were, the cruellest race in the world?" he cries, passionately. And there is an odd thing about C. which really makes him a case. He is a Protestant, with a good English name: everything his people had and were through the generations they owed to the Crown: yet such is the contagion of hysteria that he talks today as one of a long line of evicted peasants.

These fiery outbursts are as nothing to the uproar that ensues if anyone should utter a word of sense. There is a reasonable fringe in Dublin, and very sturdily reasonable it is, swimming as it must against the broad current of popular thought. Some members of this persecuted minority suggest now and again that Mother Erin, instead of peppering her lost children with stolen bullets, should do the old homestead up, mend the leaking roof, persuade Father to take that sour expression off his face and so entice them back again. But they are apt to be howled down as traitors, West Britons, nincompoops and lacking in sense of reality. Ireland expects something a little more vivid than that: it is the kind of sane, dreary thing the English would do: and between ourselves it would mean some hard thinking and honest sweat.

It is more appropriate that the I.R.A. should continue its murderous game of Red Indians, so that people may fizz with enjoyable rage when they get their deserts. The cream of this game, too, is that it is unlikely ever to succeed, for if Mother Erin's simple wants were once fulfilled, the frustration would be appalling. Deep in so many Irish hearts lies a little Dark Pool of rancour and envy, a constant switching blindly from one object to another, but always there. Only once in Ireland have I felt an atmosphere of fulfilment, of real and tranquil harmony, and that was in the cemetery at Glasnevin. There in the forest of tall grey Celtic crosses, among the gloomy trees and shrubs, was a sense at last of being among people who had absolutely got what they craved.

HONOR TRACY

The Soviet Stage Goes Human

So far, the most interesting evolution in the Soviet literature of the last year or so is to be observed not in its novels but its plays. They denote several things all at once: first, a greater freedom of discussion, above all of "dangerous" topics like the misdeeds of the N.K.V.D. in the past, and the mumbo-jumbo of "Marxist" lectures on the future of Communism. These, for instance, are the two principal topics of Alexander Korneichuk's play, *The Wings*, which has been running in dozens of theatres throughout the Soviet Union for months past. Similarly, in Alexander Stein's play, *A Personal Matter*, we are shown a high Party official, who has just been expelled from the Party on a charge trumped up by another Party member. In the end truth triumphs, and our hero is duly rehabilitated.

But in the interval, the man has a very hard time. To be expelled from the Party is the supreme disgrace, worse than death, as it were. The play is chiefly concerned with the reactions of the people in the presence of the disgraced Party member. First, his daughter's fiancé arrives, and declares in a tone of quixotic self-sacrifice that, in spite of it all, he is still willing to marry the man's daughter. Then comes a neighbour to say that he abstained from voting at the meeting at which the decision to expel the man was taken. Other people enter the stage, and treat the hero with a certain contemptuous pity, calling him by his surname, but omitting the "comrade." His daughter, convinced that her father has been wrongly accused, announces her decision not to join the Party. At this point the hero delivers his great speech, the main theme of which is that the Party as such is sacred, but that it may well include scoundrels embarking on personal vendettas in the name of "vigilance"—and sometimes getting away with it.

What is so striking in the latest batch of plays is the tendency to get away from *simplisme*, from black-and-white characterisations, from the tendency to lay down hard-and-fast moral rules applicable to all cases. Gone are the days of the heroic, "Corneille" type of drama; of the "plays without conflicts," or of plays in which Love is shunned as an improper subject. Gone also is the *deus ex machina* of so many Soviet plays and films, the symbol of infallible wisdom, Comrade Stalin. Lately, the critics have been attacking playwrights for oversimplifying their characters, and for dividing them merely into good and bad people. Absolute rules of conduct are now frowned upon: instead, each case, it is argued, ought to be judged on its own merits. Thus, on the one hand, in discussing a play, *The Love of Anna Berezko*, in which a pure woman abandons her unworthy husband, *Literary Gazette* recently wrote:

> The law orders us to protect morals and the family. But when the State and the people have to choose between forcibly preserving a family and saving a human being, they unhesitatingly take the side of the human being.

On the other hand, there was a case widely discussed not long ago in *Izvestia* concerning an engineer who abandoned his wife and ten children in favour of another woman: the general consensus of opinion (except for two anonymous letters "which their authors hadn't the courage to sign") was that the engineer had acted "immorally and anti-socially, no matter how profound his passion for the other woman." In short, there is a growing tendency in Russia to make allowances for "individual psychologies."

This is also true of the present approach to literature and the theatre. One might almost say that the authors tend to return to some of the subjects of the old Russian psychological novel, and also to the manner of the 19th-century satirists. There is, for instance, a renewed interest in Love. As the same number of *Literary Gazette* wrote:

> Love is one of the highest manifestations of the human character. Love implies the upsurge of the imagination, the longing for great deeds, the awakening of the noblest qualities of the human spirit.... Yet as we look at Soviet literature of the past years, there is scarcely a single pair of lovers we can remember, except Sholokhov's Grigori and Axinia. Does it mean that our Soviet world is so poor in great emotions? Or that deep and passionate love is unknown to Soviet men and women?

The Soviet critic denies this. He argues, however, that for too long there was a tendency to pooh-pooh "individualist soul-picking." As a result of that, authors were discouraged from writing about love. It is essential, he writes, especially for the young, that problems like love, morals, marriage and the family should be treated "in depth" and that, as Chekhov said, "the questions should be correctly put." In short, what is called for is a candid discussion of sex and family relations.

The growing prosperity of the Soviet Union and the accompanying growing financial inequalities have much to do with the new incentives to write satirical plays, often curiously reminiscent of the satirical literature of the 19th century. Social problems—which, earlier in the Revolution existed in only a small way—have been revived on a large scale. In theory everybody, under the Soviet system, is paid according to the value of his work. But new problems that have arisen include wire-pulling, nepotism, careerism, "valuable connections," cars, modern flats and profitable marriages. As a result, Soviet writers have lately produced quite a large number of plays full of Gogol, Chekhov, Balzac and Dickens situations. Just to quote a few examples: Solodar's *Lilac Garden*, a musical comedy. Here the action takes place in a rest-home. The management awaits the arrival of the wife of the Deputy Minister of Health. The best suite of rooms is evacuated for her benefit, and its inmates are crowded into another room. There then arrives an actress, Galya Borodina, who is mistaken for Rybtseva, the Minister's wife; disgusted by the servility of the management of the home, the woman doctor has asked Galya to play the part of the Minister's wife, and so play a trick on the management. However, the real Minister's wife arrives; but the management is so busy looking after the false Comrade Rybtseva that the arrival of the real one passes unnoticed, and she has to rough it. Suddenly there is a 'phone call to say that Rybtsev has been removed from his job. Promptly the management expel his "wife" from

Described by Reynolds News *as 'the most controversial article on the Royal Family to appear in Britain for many years', Malcolm Muggeridge's* Royal Soap Opera *in last week's* NEW STATESMAN AND NATION *has created considerable interest at home and abroad, particularly in Europe and the United States. Extra copies of the issue have had to be printed, and a few are still available through newsagents or, in case of difficulty, at 9d. per copy direct from The Publisher, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1*

the *de luxe* suite; however, immediately afterwards it is learned that, far from having fallen out of favour, Rybtsev has been promoted to a higher post. At this point Rybtsev arrives, the misunderstanding is cleared up, and everybody makes a fool of the director of the rest-home, rather as in the finale of Gogol's *Revisor*.

The Tur brothers' *Wheel of Luck* has been much talked of in Moscow in recent months. It is a pungent satire on "spivvery" and *arrivisme*, and its characters include university students, some of whom are on the look-out for a "profitable" bride. Even the services of a matchmaker are resorted to. Thus, one of the characters, named Boris, who is secretly married, would like to make a fresh start with a more "profitable" wife. He is a handsome young man and his photograph—"the typical Moscow student"—appears in an illustrated magazine. This produces a big fan-mail from girls wanting to meet him. He receives a visit from the dressmaker-cum - matchmaker, an eccentrically - satirical character, who informs him that a "very wealthy heiress" has fallen in love with his photograph, and would like to meet him. The next scene takes place in the matchmaker's *salon de couture*, furnished in "European" style, complete with reproductions of Van Gogh and Cézanne. Here another well-to-do girl, whom he had pinched from one of his comrades, and who has come to order her wedding-dress, discovers Boris's double game, and, in the end, Boris is shown up as a bad lot.

Both these plays—and there are many more—point both to a curious evolution of the social structure of the U.S.S.R. and also to a growing willingness to look at human beings as they really are, and not to pretend that every Soviet citizen has, more or less, come to behave like the perfect *homo sovieticus*, superior in every way to the rest of mankind. On the contrary; it is made clear by these plays that, far from being "bourgeois survivals of the past," many unpleasant human qualities are being bred by the social developments of the Soviet Union itself. How remote all these frivolous husband-hunters and young careerists are from the revolutionary romanticism that flamed in Mayakovsky or among the early Komsomols!

ALEXANDER WERTH

Fleet Street Notebook

ON Monday next the last page will be turned in Winchester House, Old Broad Street, on a melancholy chapter in newspaper history. The creditors of the *Daily Recorder*, the only national daily paper except the *Daily Worker* (which continues to live precariously on the charity of the faithful) to be started in Britain for thirty-four years, are invited to meet the liquidator. They will receive 9.901d in the £1.

For the *Daily Recorder* itself it is, I think, unnecessary to shed tears. It was a poor paper from its first number and never looked like succeeding. Nor was it easy to imagine what public its editor and proprietor thought he was aiming at. But even if it had been an infinitely better one, its fate would almost certainly have been the same. For the sad truth which the gloomy meeting at Winchester House merely underlines is that it has become economically impossible for anyone to start a successful new morning paper in Britain.

This is not true of any other country in the world. In France, where a new Paris daily paper has, in fact, just been launched, it is difficult. But it is by no means out of the question. Nor is it even in the United States, although costs would be high. But in Britain it is. In the last thirty years social conditions have changed almost out of recognition. So have living standards, educational opportunities, public tastes. The old balance of political and industrial forces has altered almost immeasurably. These are exactly the conditions in which, according to the traditional principles of press freedom, new papers should have tumbled over themselves to be born. Instead, though several have died, no newcomer has been able to survive. In what is still, despite radio and television, the most important single field of mass communication, we are, in fact, in the grip of a completely frozen economic structure.

Is there any foreseeable hope of a thaw? Experience to date does not suggest that there is. When the *Daily Herald* was turned into a general newspaper in 1929 it cost Odham's Press more than £2,000,000 to establish it—although they had an existing circulation of around 300,000 on which to build and the immensely valuable goodwill of the Labour movement to draw on. Even when the lavish offer of cutlery, overcoats, fruit services, flannel trousers, mincing machines, tea sets, boots and shoes, ladies' underwear and sets of Dickens finally brought the circulation to a level acceptable to advertisers, it was still running at a loss of £10,000 a week until the war came to relieve the strain. To start a new national daily paper today with any hope of success would probably call for a capital of at least £4,000,000—and even then the outlook would be problematical. The sponsors of the *Recorder* may, in fact, count themselves lucky to have escaped so lightly from their brief flirtation with daily journalism.

As for the rest of us, we read more and more of fewer and fewer papers, and look like going on doing so. No other country in the world reads so many; none except Ethiopa, Liberia and Paraguay outside the colonial territories of Africa have so few to choose among. This seems to me a disturbing social fact. But perhaps I am wrong in thinking it so. We buy over 16,000,000 national papers every morning. But as two publications, the *Mirror* and the *Express*, alone satisfy more than half this popular appetite for information, it does not look as though a revolt against uniformity is going to get anyone very far.

It used to be said that just as elementary education provided Northcliffe with a market, so secondary education would create a rising demand for popular papers of a more serious kind. So far the opposite seems to be the case. It is true that the circulation of the "quality" papers, *The Times*, *Telegraph* and *Manchester Guardian*, is still slowly rising, which is a matter for general congratulation. They are now bought by nearly 3 per cent. of the population. That is not much. But in what we are often told were the great days of serious journalism at the beginning of the century, they and others like them were bought by only just over 1 per cent. of the population—so that we are doing better than our fathers. But in the popular field it is exactly those papers that still attempt to combine entertainment with serious coverage of national and world events that are suffering. This is, indeed, the only group that has actually lost circulation consistently since the war.

Meanwhile, production costs are again going up. If we are to have any certain hope of holding to what variety of newspaper reading we still have—apart altogether from any chance of extending it—the time seems ripe for a new industrial revolution in Fleet Street comparable with that in printing, which for the first time made possible the production of cheap popular papers in the second half of the 19th century. But there is little sign of it yet.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

NEXT WEEK

Mid-Autumn Books

An enlarged, 40-page issue

Waiting for Dr. Schweitzer

THERE is a glass-fronted notice outside the café next to St. James's Park Underground station. It states that here you find Good Food, Quick Service and Liberal Portions. But the real cause of attraction does not need to be advertised, for it is known all over London that Dr. Albert Schweitzer is working in the small back room.

It is a place to be relied on, this restaurant, kept by a Swiss who has known Dr. Schweitzer 35 years. The large oval wall mirrors and gilt-framed oil paintings reflect a middle-class solidarity, and the menu, duplicated with mauve ink, offers a substantial Meat and 2 Veg. for around three-and-six. Coffee is extra and customers regular. They all have their favourite tables and waitresses know exactly who will leave what under the plate.

Today they talk as usual of the office, the weather and the headlines—glancing now and then at the wall clock which ticks their lunch hour away. Outside, a dull incessant rain is falling and there are little pools round the hat-stand where umbrellas have dripped. A middle-aged man, slipping off his mackintosh, asks a waitress: "Is *he* here?"

"Who? Oh, you mean the doctor. Yes, just come in for his lunch." She continues serving out soup.

By two o'clock the last lunch is finished, crockery has been cleared, and sugar basins replace ketchup bottles on the tables. But some customers, strangers to the place, remain—and more begin to arrive. There are women in furs and women in home-spun tweeds; men who look as though their umbrellas had been rolled in Whitehall, and men with cloth caps, dripping from the peak. They sit uncomfortably on wooden chairs waiting, all eyes focused on the door to the small back room. Then slowly it opens. Dr. Schweitzer is ready to receive.

Those nearest can glimpse him already—a white-haired man in a hand-knitted black cardigan, sitting behind a café table that is littered with manuscripts. A rose-shaded lamp casts gentle light on his face: this, the confusion of papers and his out-moded clothes make the tableau seem like a painting by Charles Spencelayh—several years old. But the doctor is also a powerful figure. He appears to draw strength from within himself rather than from the world outside.

One by one the people file in, none of them stopping for long. A woman helper explains in a low voice that at Gunsbach, the doctor's home in the Vosges mountains, there is a notice on the door which announces that anyone may

This man is NEWS

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enter, but whoever stays more than five minutes is keeping someone else away. Those waiting take the hint, and one man pauses only long enough to shake the doctor's hand. As he leaves others lean forward to ask: "What was it like? How does he look? What did he say?" But the man does not reply and there are tears in his eyes as he fumbles for the street door.

A religious hush settles over the restaurant, while the clock marks off the minutes of this long afternoon. Suddenly a voice calls from the kitchen: "Got any more fish forks there, ducks?"—and the people look as shocked as if someone had shouted in church.

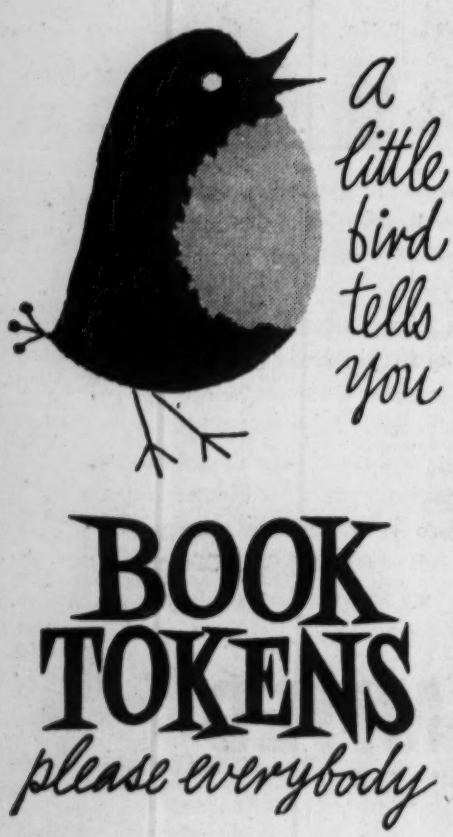
After an hour or so many of them order tea. One waitress is heard muttering to another: "Can't imagine what some folks are about, waiting like this. It's like that crowd outside Group Captain Townsend's house. Stood there all day, it said in the paper, and what they get out of it I can't think."

Dr. Schweitzer's helpers, who seem to multiply hourly, move among the crowd murmuring: "Terribly sorry . . . he's so tired . . . people just don't understand . . . that's why we have to protect him." The atmosphere is like a mixture of Lyons Corner House and Lourdes.

Some people give up hope, and linger in groups on the damp pavement below the small back room, craning their necks for a view. But through the net curtains they see only a shadow in the lamplight . . . the profile of an old man, leaning forward to answer questions. . . .

Meantime, a woman cashier collects money for cups and cups of tea. "This must be a busy time for you," a customer commiserates. But she is a sensible soul, used to coping with crises. "Mustn't grumble," she says. "It only goes on for a week."

JOYCE EGGINGTON



The Arts and Entertainment

The Chinese Theatre

WHEN winter ended and the fields awaited the new crop, the peasants prayed for good weather and took a few days off. Then the little town, a thousand people encircled by a wall, gave itself over to enchantment. The stage in front of the City God's Temple—a platform with a grey tile roof supported by four red pillars of wood—was swept and the cobwebs of a twelvemonth were brushed away from the latticework under the eaves. Local peddlers prepared to do a roaring trade in roast chestnuts, malt toffee and sesamum cakes. And one night a touring opera company arrived after a stand at a city fifty miles up the road, unpacked embroidered costumes, headdresses with quivering red pom-poms, boots with soles three inches thick, and wooden halberds and spears and grease paint; tuned the drums and two-stringed fiddles; drove all the children wild with excitement at the clash of cymbals and clangour of gongs; and at last, when everyone was cold from waiting, gave the ageing temple stage its brief and annual triumph. Under swinging paraffin lamps that cast grotesque shadows on the plain backcloth, Yueh Fei the patriot, with his long pheasant plumes, was once again condemned to death through a courtier's treachery, and Fa Hai, the loathsome monk, thwarted true love by imprisoning a girl beneath a pagoda. Once more the Merry Men of *All Men Are Brothers* sang, mimed and somersaulted their way out of their pursuers' reach.

Up front, under the noses of the instrumentalists who perched on the stage, sat the local gentry. Their servants brought out tables and teapots and kept the seats warm until their masters arrived. Farther back sat the ordinary townsfolk, on wooden benches, cracking melon seeds and eating sugar-coated peanuts. Around them and pushing up to the sides of the stage crowded the peasants, wearing sheepskins and cotton padded jackets. For three night the kings and nobles put pomp and gravity into their gait, the heroines sang in falsetto, the traitor behaved cunningly, and the clowns wore themselves out to make the audience laugh at their backchat and antics while the collection boxes went round. On the fourth day the stage was deserted. The peddlers were back on the main street. The peasants were home with their fields and worrying about the weather and the rents.

Every town had, at the least, its short festival of drama at the lunar New Year, and it was at one of these, put on by a down-at-heel local company, that I first savoured the colour and fantasy of Chinese drama many years ago. Did any mortal ever wear such intricate, gorgeous costumes, or go walking down a real street with so many ornaments and oddments of dress that indicated rank, station in life and even age? One could look at pictures and wood-block prints and realise that such and such an item was taken from this or that dynasty, but no item was ever taken plain. Everything was pearled. Nor was any person in the history books so eager for grace and beautiful movement as these creatures, or so intent upon filling each gesture with meaning, raising their hands to express not only *their* anger but anger itself, or shaking their heads in a grief that was universal, not private. Neither can the gods have suspected that men would reveal their secrets so blatantly and allow a monkey who steals the Peaches of Immortality to score off his Celestial betters.

Perhaps the greatest surprise when one first sees this drama, however, is the intensely "theatrical" way in which it makes its impact. Every character, male or female, must follow prescribed rules and walk, talk and sleep in a particular manner. Every stage prop (and there are very few) has its symbolic purpose, and the actor who introduced a live donkey and the stage director who sent fabulous monsters hurtling along wires across the auditorium when the theatre was playing legendary pieces were regarded as misguided or vulgar. Neither is there any realistic scenery to prepare one or prompt one's imagination. A scene exists only when the actors come on the stage. It ends abruptly when they leave.

Yet in spite of this use of exaggerated gestures, symbols and conventions, the Chinese drama enjoys a huge popularity. The playgoer learns their meaning, knows what this inclination of the body signifies and what that circling motion of the head communicates. Some are obvious: the riding crop that stands in for the horse, and the oar that tells us that there is really a boat on the stage, though we cannot see one. Others are infinitely subtle: uplifted hands and singers bent or extended that can encompass every emotion from rage to the first flutter of affection. Often the playgoer also learns the words and music, and at a party or wedding feast, when the cry for entertainment goes up, he rises diffidently, coughs, disclaims his ability, modestly turns his face to the wall, and sings an aria from a favourite piece like *The White Snake*.

There is, in fact, a profound reason for this popularity. The descendants of those ancient story-tellers who fathered the Chinese theatre and added dance and song to their rhymed recitations still go from village to village, and the tea-house which offers its customers ballad-singing to the accompaniment of drum and clapper is as far ahead of its competitors as the pub which has just installed TV. Their stories of heroes and traitors, of legendary figures and ill-fated lovers, are the same their forefathers told and put on the stage. Children absorb the tales as they thumb through the wood-cuts in the "egg books" that cost the price of an egg. They are an oral and written heritage. Much truth is contained in them, and while the uninitiated may see nothing deeper than wit and charm and delicious mime in this drama that surrounds its characters with convention, instructs its actors to walk in rhythm to music and makes opposing forces armed with acrobatics and fantastic sword-play wheel and clash, the initiate discovers the history of China and the ideals which have guided her people. It is as if Boadicea, King Alfred, the barons of Runnymede and Wat Tyler were all billed to star on the same evening, following a curtain-raiser presented by some of Hans Andersen's giants. Except that this Boadicea, trained in dancing, acrobatics and queenly behaviour since she was ten, would set great store by grace and exquisite movement and wear a costume that made combat in the field impracticable; Alfred, disguised in embroidered yellow clothes that proclaimed "This is a king!", would mime the whole business of baking and burning the cakes; and Wat Tyler would seem like someone born very near to our own times. This is the drama which is drawing large audiences to the Palace Theatre this week.

The question that agitates the Chinese theatre now, of course, is how to adjust the drama to a modern world, and how far it can be adapted to contemporary moods. To raise the status and pay of actors, to have feminine roles played by women instead of male impersonators as convention required, and suchlike, are important but relatively simple matters. Sorting through the present repertoire, reviving those in which the spirit of protest had been too great for officials and landlords to stomach, rejecting "bad" old plays such as the one which pictured sympathetically a general who loved his wife but killed her to satisfy his mother's hatred, and giving a new lease of life to those that describe the heroism of a Chinese Joan of Arc or the way in which a poor fisherman is revenged on callous officials, requires careful but plodding work. But deciding which incident reflects a superstition still harmful because it fastens on men's minds; what is

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"Force 8"! That's the way they describe on the radio the tearing winds which are rated as full gales, the gales that lash the freezing Arctic seas into frenzy as the sturdy little trawlers seek the fish for you and your family.

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Think of the men of the Distant Water Trawler Fleet, to whom the radio messages crackling across the thousands of miles of Arctic wastes—mean fighting for their lives with lacerated and bleeding hands, eyes streaming from the icy blasts and sweat pouring from their struggling bodies in spite of the freezing cold. Fighting for their lives, for their ship and for the precious cargo of fish, which not only gives you the cheapest first-class food money can buy—cheap to you but very dearly bought by the men who fetch it back—but also provides the precious cod liver oil which brings health to man and beast, and the prime quality fish meal for which the stock-farmer clamours.

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legend and folk lore, and therefore worthy of preservation; and which lines echo sentiments which today would be received in a very different spirit from yesterday—this requires tact and a high appreciation of the drama. Inexpert adaptors have been roundly criticised for clumsy additions, for making the ox a symbol of the tractor and for trying to give the heroes of history the outlook of twentieth-century revolutionaries. Apart from the vitality of this ancient art form and its growing, not diminishing, audience, however, is the degree to which the audience has the last word in deciding what shall be left in and what shall be excised. One leading actor has told of the murmur of disapproval when a player spoke the lines, "It's only women's nonsense, and worth nothing," and the sudden laughter when the defeated king in *The Favourite Bids Farewell* exclaimed, "It is Heaven's will that my kingdom should fall; my battles have been well fought." Now the passages read differently, and with some reason. The status of women is a burning issue. No one would dream of suggesting that nonsense was a purely feminine trait. As for that paramount Fate which comforted the humble in their poverty and blunted the desire for change—what once aroused pathos now seems painful and ludicrous.

PETER TOWNSEND

Auntie Becomes Sally

Common-Sense: Have you read the Arts Council's new Annual Report?*

Imagination: And how disgraceful it is!

C-S.: I'm immune to your shock tactics. Its urgent point about our needing to have adequate buildings for the arts—theatres, concert-halls, places where amateurs can perform, a new gallery for loan exhibitions in London—all this is surely admirable, and should even appeal to you. After all, in the last 25 years, 120 theatres have been shut and only two built.

I.: But in the same breath as it suggests the need for these new buildings, it adds that under *no* circumstances would it "advocate a grandiose plan for building up and down the country." "The country," it says, "could injure the arts by suddenly deciding to spend too much on them."

C-S.: At the moment the public expenditure on the arts is at the rate of 4d. a year per head of the population. The Council's plan for building new and reconditioning old buildings will only cost another million a year for ten years. This would still be less than most other countries spend. You can't make rhetorical gestures in finance. A modest beginning is in the end far more useful.

I.: Maybe, but it's the tone and attitude of the whole Report which betrays it. It categorically says that "If the living arts are to hold their own in the face of competition their strategy must be to consolidate, not to diffuse." What a mean policy of impoverishment! What defeatism! What a falling away from the ideals of 1945!

C-S.: Not at all. The Council recognises that art appreciation grows every year. The Report starts off by pointing that out.

I.: If it's true it makes nonsense of the strategy of consolidation. But it's not true except in the narrow sense in which the Arts Council thinks of appreciation. They now believe that art is something to be preserved against the onslaught of the world by a specially cultivated minority. If that minority can be increased a little—well and good. But God help them if it became a majority—their art would be changed beyond recognition.

C-S.: You always thrive on indignation. But in fact the Council recognises that art must be broadly based. The Report uses the image of the pyramid and says very sensibly that "For there to be the eight best of anything there must be 800 or 8,000 to pick from."

I.: And so they suggest that the mobile theatre units which tour the small towns and villages should pack up; that cities should not automatically be proud to build their own art galleries in case there aren't enough pictures to put in them; that Local Authorities should house their culture but should definitely leave the running of it to experts—

C-S.: Have you ever tried to argue with an alderman about Bartok or O'Neill?

I.: And then they go on to recommend that the price of the cheap subsidised theatre and concert seats should go up, arguing that people enjoy things more if they have to save up for them—Old Age Pensioners must enjoy their beer!

C-S.: Those who can afford television sets can afford an extra shilling for a theatre ticket. But anyway you live in a dream world. The majority don't want art. They want distraction. You may not like it but art *is* the prerogative of the few.

I.: That depends on what you call art and on what we all go on calling art. The Council has never examined that problem. Do you realise that there's not a single word in this whole Report about what people need from art? It's all a question of feeding them with what is already in stock. As I've said before, it's the story of Auntie trying to use her small savings to keep all her artistic nephews going.

C-S.: Her artistic nephews include Gauguin at the Tate, Wagner at Covent Garden, *Macbeth* at the Old Vic.

I.: But the spirit is so blindly precious. The Report emphasises that it takes seven years to learn to speak Shakespeare's verse with all the necessary modulations, yet doesn't even hint that a full-blooded actor stamping the boards can sometimes catch an audience's heart with the crudest modulations just because he can bring the content of the play home to them. Art can always be arranged better in a museum than in a building that is part of everyday life—but it is the arrangement, the formality, of the tomb.

C-S.: What about Douglas Craig's excellent diary account in the Report of his mobile opera unit going to village halls, putting up their own scenery, and, having battled through the snow, singing to a packed audience with their wet clothes steaming in the warmth of the crowd?

I.: Yes, that's excellent. But what is the Council's comment on the opera extracts which Craig's company performs? "To many music lovers," it says, "this may sound a barbarous operation, for it does, indeed, in some respects, resemble the practice of Amazonian Indians in shrinking human heads." What a spirit of patronising drawing-room humour that remark suggests! Is diffusion too "barbaric" for them?

C-S.: It's obvious, you know, that you're determined not to be satisfied. You were prejudiced before you read the Report.

I.: Certainly. I'm prejudiced against all attempts to bolster up art that's not wanted. I believe that the only function of such a body as the Arts Council is to diffuse—and if this diffusion doesn't work, then what is diffused must be adapted and changed. The raw material of art is the experience, the imagination of its audience. This is what the Arts Council should issue reports on and work to discover.

C-S.: You are a useless romantic.

I.: And you—you are the Arts Council's tasteful adviser on what were once called "Works of Love and Imagination."

JOHN BERGER

* *Housing the Arts: Tenth Annual Report of the Arts Council. H.M.S.O. 2s. 6d.*

Debatable Ground

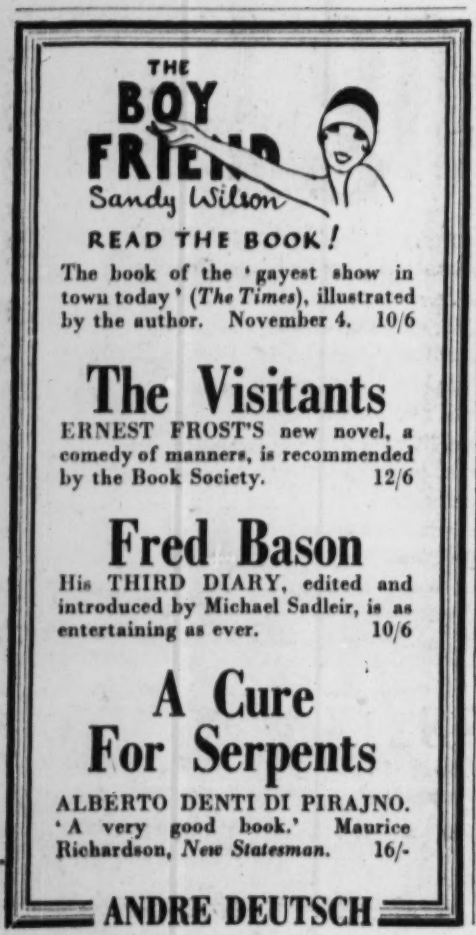
No announcement is made in advance of the subjects chosen for discussion in *In the News* (B.B.C., Friday, 10 p.m.) or *Free Speech* (ITV, Sunday, 2.30 p.m.). This week-end, however, it would not be difficult to guess the subject likely to occur first to the producers and panels of both these programmes. They will obviously want, and be expected, to talk about the Budget.

It will be interesting to see what happens. For such a discussion will surely involve a technical breach of one or both of the Postmaster-General's recent much-criticised directives. It is impossible to discuss the Budget without, at least by implication, discussing the Finance Bill that follows and implements it. It seems likely, therefore, that this discussion would infringe both the "fourteen-day rule" and the rule forbidding M.P.s to broadcast on matters that are the subject of legislation before the House (since the Finance Bill will presumably have been tabled immediately after the Budget itself).

Whatever happens, then, the absurdity of the restrictions may well be exposed this first week-end after the re-assembly of Parliament. If the panels do not discuss the Budget—or if M.P. members of them have to sit silent because the Finance Bill is before the House—viewers will be entitled to complain that they are being deprived of discussions of a most important topical issue: if the panels do discuss the Budget, Dr. Hill's egregious directives will have broken down in practice.

It could be argued, indeed, that Mr. Butler's and Mr. Gaitskell's Budget broadcasts are themselves infringements of the rules. Such an argument is not likely to be advanced: the Chancellor's Budget broadcast, and the Opposition reply to it, are about the oldest-established political broadcasts extant. No P.M.G. would dare to interfere with them. But they may, this year, provide a convenient cover for discussion of the Budget by the panels.

Of the two panels, *In the News* still has the larger number of viewers because it can be seen nationally and most sets are not yet converted to receive the alternative programme. It is thought to be seen by about one-third of the viewers—*i.e.*, by about five million people. This might be considered fairly satisfactory, for a discussion programme so late in the evening; but when *In the News* was first produced by John Irwin and Edgar Lustgarten, its percentage of viewers rose in six weeks or so to between 70 and 80. The percentage declined, of course, after the B.B.C. had yielded to the pressure of the party offices and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ANDRE DEUTSCH

broken up the original Boothby-Brown-Foot-Taylor team.

Three of these four notable performers were at their best last Sunday afternoon on ITV, where the Irwin-Lustgarten partnership has reassembled them from the wilderness. (Mr. Randolph Churchill was deputising for Sir Robert Boothby.) This was, I think, the first discussion they have had of which it can be said that it could not or would not have happened on the B.B.C. The subject chosen was commercial television itself: was it a good or a bad thing? Mr. Foot did not hesitate to say—of those who are, after all, his present employers—that it was bad that the moulding of public opinion should depend on "these commercial motives" and that "we could have had the competition without the commercialism." Mr. Taylor, who has a knack of coining extreme (and sometimes extremely unfair) phrases, preferred the advertisers to "the failed preparatory-schoolmasters who run the B.B.C." Mr. Churchill spoke of Lord Rothermere and other press lords as "a lot of very wicked rich men who already have too much power." It was free speech, all right.

A discussion programme combines entertainment with information. The balance between the two is rather different on television and on sound radio. On television, the temptation is to overdo the entertainment—to forget the content of the debate and make the programme just a knock-about turn. John Irwin is particularly quick in catching, almost as though by advance intuition, the changing expressions on the faces of his team. This is obviously easier when the team remains the same each week: another discussion programme, the B.B.C. *Brains Trust* (Sunday, 4.30 p.m.) needs at least two "resident" members to provide a certain continuity. (I gather that this may in future be the function of Dr. Bronowski and Mr. Peter Brook, who are both excellent.)

Does the popular sound-radio programme, *Any Questions?*, gain or lose when—as has happened four times—it is televised? It becomes more of a show, and this may affect the quality of the argument; the cameras roving the audience, too, tend to distract viewers from what is being said. But there are some gains: those taking part are more readily identifiable (on sound alone there may be a confusion of voices); and they do not feel bound to answer the questions with quite such unhesitating promptness. (A five-second pause can enhance interest on TV, where viewers can watch the face of a speaker struggling to find an answer: if there is a five-second pause on sound-radio, listeners are apt to think merely that transmission has been cut off.) On the whole, television seems likely to be victorious in this department of broadcasting as in so many others.

TOM DRIBERG

A Full Programme

"Marcelino," and "The Travels of Marco Polo," at the Academy

"Joe Macbeth," at the Leicester Square

One of the many pleasant things about the Academy is that it thinks not only of one film but of the programme. Even at the press show *Marcelino* was preceded by two other films. Let me deal with them as I saw them.

U. P. A. film of the Jay-walker: don't know the title, since I came in a fraction late. Monologue with illustrations: very funny, brightly stylised, cautionary in its own way. For those who collect U. P. A. cartoons, this is the best since *Unicorn in the Garden*, and makes much of a boring Benchley-like voice.

French art film, made by William Novik, but the cunningly arranged stills from manuscripts, miniatures and paintings reveal the new world brought into Europe by Genghis Khan. We experience in the art of the time such marvels as the roc, flying Tibetans, weeping crocodiles, people with heads in their chests, dog-headed people, Kubla Khan's palace, wool trees bearing melons each with a lamb inside, haunted deserts, spice-laden towns. *The Travels of Marco Polo* contains far more background than story, but so rare and wonderful (and sometimes amusing) is that background that, between beauty of illustration and anecdotal fun, we encounter not a little of the exaltation that fired Xanadu. Without mannerism, but with considerable skill, these splendours are flicked past; and when one is lingered over—as in the Chinese landscape of hills, or Xanadu itself—the exploration enchants.

Marcelino is a Spanish film, a variation, one might say, of Sierra's *Cradle Song*. Here the parcel left at the gate is a boy; the recipients are monks. They baptise him (what else should they do?), nurse him, teach him to read and to pray, give him a seat at their table of twelve. All this might well be excessively coy; but it is not. The brotherhood are almost as natural as the boy himself (Pablito Calvo), and that says a lot. Every moment he is before the camera tells; of all the child actors I have seen and enjoyed, this one—with his cheerful orphan look, his independence, his mild unruliness—is perhaps my favourite. He is a great credit to his director, Ladislao Vajda. At first the mere routine of his strange upbringing seems the whole film; but then his secrecies of character develop, a plot grows, the monks are about to be turned out of the monastery they themselves built, when the miracle occurs. There will be different feelings about this miracle: I myself regretted it, but in the same moment regretted my regret. Marcelino, forbidden to go up a particular stairway, discovers beyond an old tool room a great hanging Christ. His dismay and return, his pity, his feeling of "Oh, he's hungry!" belong to everyone. Then the wood stirs, the voice speaks, the gifts of bread and wine are received. And we may come to accept this too, if not with the same unreserved confidence we have enjoyed so far. Still it makes a very pretty legend, which a moment or two of straining don't spoil.

A gangster film vaguely inspired by *Macbeth*, made in England with American actors, may not seem at all promising; and *Joe Macbeth* does not really get very far with its Shakespearean undercurrent. Strange reluctances beset these thugs, they inhabit a world of their own troubled by conscience but untroubled by the police. There are atmospheric moments, rare echoes, but in the end one would have given much for gangsterdom quick and straight.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Julian Trevelyan and Kathleen Allen, at the Zwemmer Gallery

Trevelyan has a delightful sense of colour and in his earlier work he showed that he had a poetic sensibility towards atmosphere conjuring up fantasy: a sensibility a little similar to Chagall's. In nearly all his recent works he wastes both these gifts. He can still paint the river at Hammersmith and evoke a gas-mantle day with magenta and pearly blues and black; he can still produce a small painting like *The Ox-Cart* (No. 14) which, because it combines observation in drawing with imagined colour—the sky is red—really suggests the progress of a cast in Italian heat. But in most of these new paintings of the Thames and Sardinia he has given way to a lazy prettiness. All of them have passages—the drawing of an oxen's back legs, the colour observation of light connecting Mediterranean sky and hill—which remind one of what he could do; but in all of them also there is either a souvenir figure, a paper cloud, a penny sun, a toy engine or a dinky cart that looks as if it has been cut out of a cereal packet according to the instructions on the other side. Trevelyan himself may be thinking of the simplicity of a Matisse, but he is too romantic an artist to achieve that. If only he would remember what he must surely know: that the more tender the lyricism is, the harder the form must be. Kathleen Allen paints cranes on the building sites of the City of London (records that firms or companies might buy) and cellar scenes of the wine importing process. She draws with swift, incisive lines on bright diffusions of colour. Her use of line reminds one of the jerked string with which a top is set spinning, and her colours are like those of the top, merged together and made intangible by the speed with which they revolve through space. For her future development I feel that she should consider whether her colour is not sometimes too loose and too slightly connected with her drawing. She is, however, an artist with something definitely worth while to say.

J. B.

"Eugene Onegin," at Sadler's Wells

Tchaikovsky's lyrical masterpiece now receives at Sadler's Wells a performance which would do credit to any opera house in Western Europe. The tone is just what it should be—intimate, elegiac, easy; and the singers' words are exceptionally clear, so that a lively contact is maintained between stage and audience. Under Alexander Gibson the music seems as natural and sincere as do Motley's sets and George Devine's production; only the fixed professional smiles of the ballet dancers strike a false note. Rowland Jones, it must be allowed, is too burly of voice and figure for Lensky, the youthful poet; but Frederick Sharp makes a cool, distinguished Onegin and Harold Blackburn a sympathetic Prince Gremin. The two sisters, newcomers to the cast, fitted happily into the domestic picture; and the opening quartet, in which their pure voices are heard against the desultory talk of Madame Larina (Anna Pollak) and the old Nurse (Olwen Price) offered that rare blend of musical and dramatic pleasure which is peculiar to opera. Joyce Blackham, a pretty, playful Olga with an attractive and well-schooled mezzo voice, should prove a great asset to the company; Patricia Howard, if she did not sound the depths that lie in the great role of Tatiana, sang musically and presented a rounded character equally credible in the shyness of the opening scenes and the social graces of the last act. Both these singers have learnt the trick of floating their words audibly without disturbance to the melodic line. Opera-goers should not miss this *Onegin*; further performances will be given this Saturday, on November 8 and 22, and on December 3.

D. S.-T.

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JONATHAN CAPE

Correspondence

PROFESSOR ROBBINS AND THE COUNTER-REVOLUTION

SIR,—Professor Lionel Robbins, one of the most interesting and influential of Right-wing economists, has once more made a contribution to thought in *Lloyds Bank Review*. Although his article bears the unexciting title of "Notes on Public Finance," the *Economist* has described it under the heading of "Counter-Revolutionary Proposals."

Mr. Robbins deplores the tendency of recent years towards equality in the distribution of wealth and towards collectivism; and in particular "the tendency to shift more and more the sources of initiative to the central government and its organs." "Even the equalising tendency," he goes on, "as it works under the present system, has chiefly this significance. True it redistributes income; but it also destroys independent sources of power. It leaves more to be done by government."

Mr. Robbins clearly thinks this tendency should be cautiously reversed. He leaves the question of public ownership entirely on one side, believing that taxation has been a far more important instrument than nationalisation in this field. Socialists will challenge his general approach. Whatever misgivings some of them may have about whole-hogging collectivism, none can think that equality of wealth has already gone too far and that the State should now begin to step down in favour of the very rich individual.

Where does Mr. Robbins's argument on taxation lead him? How far is it a consistent thesis capable of winning wide non-Socialist support? He begins by arguing that little is to be expected from an absolute reduction in the scale of public expenditure and consequently of the total tax burden. What he hopes is that as production rises, public expenditure may be held steady, thus reducing the proportion of the national product which is skimmed off by the Government. In short, none of the public services, whether education or health or any other, should share in future increases in national wealth.

To whom, then, is the increase in wealth to go, and how is it to be divided? Mr. Robbins next attacks the progressive principle in taxation. Admitting that it is right that a minimum of subsistence should be left free from taxation, he wants to see the rate of progression in the higher tax brackets greatly diminished, especially for the highest incomes of all. He regrets the difficulty which individuals find in accumulating vast fortunes, and justifies them on grounds that I find it hard to take very seriously. Mr. Robbins argues that support for architecture and the arts, for universities and places of learning and for unfashionable or unpopular causes should come from rich individuals rather than from public authorities. The problem of the patronage of the arts in a changing society is of course a real one, but one would have thought that it is well on the way to being solved—at least as well as it was in the days when a tiny minority of rich patrons devoted part of their wealth to these causes.

Mr. Robbins also insists that unless there are great private fortunes there can be no centres of power capable of standing up to the Government leviathan. This is simply not true. The independent political influence of, say, the cotton industry or the farmers, or the press, is in no way dependent on the leaders of these pressure groups being personally millionaires. The point is even more obvious if one considers the power of the trade union movement.

I am more impressed by the argument that if business men cannot accumulate at least comparatively small fortunes, they cannot risk innovation, which then becomes a monopoly of large and established corporate enterprises. This is in any case happening on a considerable scale, as research and modern equipment become more expensive. As a layman, I wish that Professor Robbins had discussed whether there is not some tax device (I thought there were several) which can encourage small businesses to use their resources for development, but he assumes that this problem can be solved only by letting businessmen accumulate personal fortunes.

The idea of glittering-prizes-leading-to-enterprise-leading-to-general-prosperity has its attractions and its logic. Yet, surprisingly, Mr. Robbins then shifts his ground. First he rehearses the case against stiff death duties:

> The relentless working of estate duty, at its present level of graduation, is such that, within the lifetimes of many now living, the greater part of the great accumulations of the past will have been taken over by the State and the day of the large inheritance will be no more.

Then, instead of proposing some change which would restore to the inheritor of great accumulations his rightful role as innovator, promoter of enterprise and patron of the arts, Mr. Robbins loses his faith in the very rich and goes all out for the widest distribution of property. He wants to replace the present estate duty, where the tax is paid at steeply rising rates on the estate as a whole, by a legacy duty which would encourage the testator to divide up his estate so as to pay lower rates of tax on each legacy. This, he says, "provides an incentive to diffusion." The "heir," usually the eldest son, would thus get less, but more of the original estate would remain in private hands, though parcelled up into many different lots.

All this is part of the standard Tory conception of a property-owning democracy: "it would be much more capable of decentralised initiative, much less liable to mass hysteria and mob movements." But this concept in fact contradicts Mr. Robbins's own earlier thesis. Even if the small property owner will not take to the barricades, he may be equally unlikely to risk his modest savings in the hazardous innovations which Mr. Robbins had earlier argued could be undertaken only by the millionaires.

What this contradiction suggests to me is that Mr. Robbins—and those who applaud his plea for private economic adventure—have lost the political nerve to carry it through. In the end, they must fall back on Mr. Baldwin's cry of "safety first."

House of Commons. KENNETH YOUNGER

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ROYAL SOAP OPERA

SIR,—I am one of those—I feel, many—people who are not, shall I say, over-fond of Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge. We all seem to agree that it's his voice rather than what he has to say. When what he has to say is divorced from his voice, when, that is to say, we read him in print, we are, or at least I am, bound to admit that he writes a lot of sound common sense.

Mr. Muggeridge's article certainly puts the Princess Margaret-Peter Townsend affair in its right perspective when we view the institution of the Monarchy. For nothing could be more damaging to the Institution than this free-for-all publicity of the Rita Hayworth type.

As something of an anti-Royalist my reactions to the whole thing have been exasperation, boredom and amusement, depending on the mood of the moment. When I find that these are the reactions of most other people as well, am I to conclude that they too are somewhat anti-Royalist?

Most salutary is Mr. Muggeridge's reference to Chesterton's dictum that when people cease to believe in God they come to believe, not in nothing but in anything; they will find a use for any fetish and among them, as Mr. Muggeridge points out, is Royalty. I take this to mean that it is Mr. Muggeridge's opinion that most people have by this time ceased to believe in God. I think he is quite right. For when we look at those serious Christians, for example, whose religion is, for them, a way of life, we find them unmoved by such trivia.

76 Tenniscourt Road, Bristol. E. J. GRIFFITH

[Many correspondents have written supporting Mr. Muggeridge's argument: not one opposed it.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE RED DANUBE

SIR,—The marked contrast between conditions in Rumania and Bulgaria would be less puzzling to Norman MacKenzie if he were to see them against the background of scarcely less marked contrast between pre-war Rumania and Bulgaria, and of the appalling corruption, extending right down through the working class and peasantry, which was notoriously a feature of the former. Ten years is, surely, too short a time in which to expect all this to be ironed out.

Norman MacKenzie's theory that "Moscow" has played a part in this "puzzle," and that this may have taken the shape of "economic exploitation" of Rumania by the Soviet Union, will not, I think, hold water. It is probably true that, reparations apart, the Soviet Union has "taken a substantial part of Rumanian production, especially of oil," but this is no less true in relation to Bulgaria. In both cases, this has been taken in payment for the plant, etc., including some raw materials, supplied to those countries for the expansion and development of their industries, without which these would have been impossible. This explains why, in both countries, there has been a lag between industrial expansion and consequent improvement of living standards, which cannot be ascribed merely to the fact that priority has been given, in this expansion, to heavy industry. It does not, however, explain why that lag has been so very much greater in Rumania than in Bulgaria, which I would explain as follows.

The Rumanian apologists' excuse for their relative failure, that it is due to "the exploitation of the old regime," is not, I suggest, so unbelievable as Norman MacKenzie finds it. In Rumania, as in all the People's Democracies of Eastern Europe with the exception of Bulgaria, industrial development, though quite inadequate, was fairly advanced. This meant that there was a fairly considerable industrial proletariat which grew up in the tradition of industrial struggle against their capitalist exploiters, with the outlook towards work intrinsic in that tradition. Its trade union and political leaders rightly taught it to fight in this way for its own interests—to try to get as much pay as possible, for as little work as possible. This happened in Bulgaria also, of course, but the difference was, as Norman MacKenzie has noted, that in Bulgaria these leaders were Communists (and outstanding Communists at that), the Social Democrats having long since lost the confidence and sup-

port of the workers, while in Rumania they were Social Democrats, largely because the Communist leaders were killed, imprisoned, or in exile.

It need hardly be explained to readers of the NEW STATESMAN that the change of regime which took place with the liberation of these two countries in 1944, involving eventually the transfer of the means of production to public ownership, rendered the pre-war traditions of the industrial proletariat not merely obsolete, but positively noxious. It may require pointing out to some among them, however, in view of recent comment and correspondence on the subject of political prisoners in Eastern Europe, that the Social Democrat trade union and political leaders either could not, or would not, recognise this, and persisted in preaching their same old doctrines, to which their working-class audiences were conditioned by past experience, and for which these audiences therefore fell—except in Bulgaria. There, since industry has been largely created since 1945, it makes sense to the workers to try to get the best possible return on their investment. This seems not yet to have happened in Rumania, and, as Norman MacKenzie has noted, this leads to the contrast in living standards and individual freedom.

EDGAR P. YOUNG

75 Upper Berkeley Street, W.1.

LABOUR AND THE COLONIES

SIR,—Fifty million British subjects live in the British Isles; eighty million in the British colonies. Yet at the Labour Party conference we could find only fifteen minutes out of five days to discuss what Socialism has to offer to our colonial fellow citizens. And we call ourselves an international party!

This shameful neglect of our fellow workers in the colonies, from whose exploitation we in Britain have built much of our standard of life, is the responsibility of every section of the movement. It is not sufficient simply to blame the N.E.C. or Conference Standing Orders Committee. If such a meagre allocation of time were suggested for foreign policy discussion both party leaders and rank-and-file would immediately be up in arms. Yet our colonial policy represents our relations with the people for whom we have a direct responsibility whilst developments in our Colonial Empire may well become the decisive factor in both our international and domestic affairs. These are the realities which are not recognised by any section of our movement at present.

That some few members of our movement feel concern for this lack of responsibility towards the most significant problem facing our age is shown by the annual meetings held during conference week. Two of the nights were taken up by meetings on colonial policy, organised by the N.E.C. and the Movement for Colonial Freedom. Throughout the year a steady stream of literature from both these sources and from the Fabian Colonial Bureau is directed to our party. Parliamentary concern with the colonies, both in question and debate, rapidly increases. Publications steadily devote more space to colonial issues, whilst the output of books constantly increases. Yet the vital issue remains. How are we to impress the leadership and the rank-and-file of our movement with these significant realities?

AN INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

HILAIRE BELLOC

SIR,—John Raymond's eulogy of Hilaire Belloc is exactly what one would expect of a book reviewer suffering from an adolescent Romanticism in six languages! Like his hero, "Beau Sabreur," Mr. Raymond has never grown up; he remains the bright boy of the 6th form, gifted with fluency but incapable of mature thought and a grasp of reality.

Belloc was one of those horribly gifted men who helped to push ideas into the fatal mould of the 1930s and brought Western civilisation to the brink of ruin in 1939. If Belloc had remained a Frenchman and had pursued his career as a writer and politician in France, he would have ended up in the Second World War as a collaborationist, a fervent supporter of Marshal Pétain's Vichy Government. . . .

The key to Belloc's personality was his overwhelming hatred of certain people, ideas and historical events. This hatred welled up in him uncontrollably and suffused almost all his writings, speeches and conversation. His concept of Christianity was superficial to an amazing degree. It consisted of a passionate loyalty to the Vatican and its political organisation. He showed no interest in the Gospels, least of all in Matthew, while of charity, in St. Paul's sense, he knew none. He so "loved" the poor that he wanted to keep them with their noses biting the dirt. His idea of "social justice" was summed up in his medieval scheme of a society divided into a large peasantry fixed to the soil, filled with superstition and abject before their priests, and a small land-owning élite autocratically ruled over by a king who, in turn, was subject to the whims of the Pope. Belloc's social and political ideas were roughly those dominant in 1200.

Belloc's hatred of Protestantism was of the kind that is shared today by Irish Catholic bishops and their opposite numbers in Spain and Italy. He so hated Protestant England that our history since 1536 was anathema to him. Whatever Mr. Raymond may say about his histories, they remain influential in just those circles for which they were written. . . .

Most of all Belloc hated the Jews. His anti-Semitism was always dangerously virulent. What he really liked in Roman Catholicism was its paganism. Everything in Christianity that reminded him of its origins among the primitive Jewish peasants of nearly 1,900 years ago was an abomination to him. He left such Christian ideals as love, pity and goodness to the detested Protestants. His stand on the Dreyfus scandal years before had shown where he was on this question. Belloc implicitly believed in genocide where the Jews were concerned, as did Maurras, the so-called pagan, and his bosom friends, the members of *Action Française*, who were Catholic to a man.

Mr. Raymond's *envoi* on Belloc is grotesque. He quotes the contents of a postcard written from Brussels in Belloc's "good time." The first half of the quotation is full of hatred and murderousness; images of death-dealing to his enemies were obviously always present in Belloc's mind. The significance of these words has escaped Mr. Raymond. So has the reason for the general coolness towards Belloc's writings since the late 1930s, so aptly illustrated in Mr. Raymond's own story about Churchill's war-time broadcast, which, almost more than anything else, helped to keep hope and courage alive in most British breasts during a period of terrible danger. All that Churchill's contemporary could say in that great moment in British history was "that Yankee careerist!"

3 King's Bench Walk, E.C.4. S. BARRON

ROBERT BRIDGES

SIR,—Your reviewer's article on Mr. Sparrow's book on Robert Bridges seems to suggest that Bridges, through lack of either moving experiences or of sensibility to them, was incapable of using his rare gift of expressive language for very good poetry. Much the same has been said of Horace, less plausibly of Arnold, and much les of Wordsworth and Milton. But, as Wordsworth thought to watch over human mortality and human frailties may be enough. Can your reviewer have overlooked "Perfect little body" and "I never shall love the snow again"—to say nothing of passages in the longer poems?

The implication, no doubt unintended, seems to be that only police-court revelations, so dear to the minor Elizabethans, or the treasure-trove of psycho-analysis, is the food of good poetry—in fact only the "unnatural" or monstrous passions. I do not think Bridges need be classed with Austin Dobson or even with Herrick—both charming in their very different degrees. I do not think he need be shamed by comparison with Wyatt. E. F. CARRITT

Heath Barrows,
Boars Hill, Oxford.

MARX AS HISTORIAN

SIR,—I have followed with great interest the discussion in your correspondence columns of "Marx as Historian." It seems to me that to date the crux of the matter has not been touched upon by either side to the controversy.

Mr. Trevor-Roper started by maintaining that Marx is dead as a historian. His opponents answered this by pointing to Marx's obviously deep and pervading influence on modern historiography. Mr. Trevor-Roper's rejoinder seems to be that Marx was really not a historian at all.

Let us agree with Mr. Trevor-Roper. Marx was not a historian in the usual academic meaning of the term, though he wrote a number of historical essays which amply prove that he could have been among the best of them had he chosen to be. But he chose differently. He chose to study society by the methods of science, and in so doing he founded a genuine social science. He transcended the historian's point of view and revolutionised historiography. *Capital* is not a history of anything in Mr. Trevor-Roper's sense, but it is the greatest analytical and interpretative work on a system of society and an epoch of history that has ever been written. Since Marx, the professional historian is obsolescent.

Mr. Trevor-Roper understandably does not like this, but I submit that the futility of the kind of history writing of which he is such a distinguished practitioner proves that it is as desirable as it is inevitable. PAUL M. SWEEZY

Wilton, New Hampshire.

F. M. ALEXANDER

SIR,—Mr. Neil is quite entitled to deviate from the methods which, he says, gave him both career and life if he is so inclined. But he is not entitled to deviate from the truth, as he does in implying that the Isobel Cripps Centre was founded to teach his variations from Alexander's technique. Its quite explicit purpose, as Mr. Neil knows, was to "make Alexander's work more widely known and available." These are the actual words of the Articles of Association. I should know, as I had a hand in writing them.

The Centre is no doubt doing good work, but it is untrue to suggest that it is fulfilling its original purpose. ERIC DE PEYER

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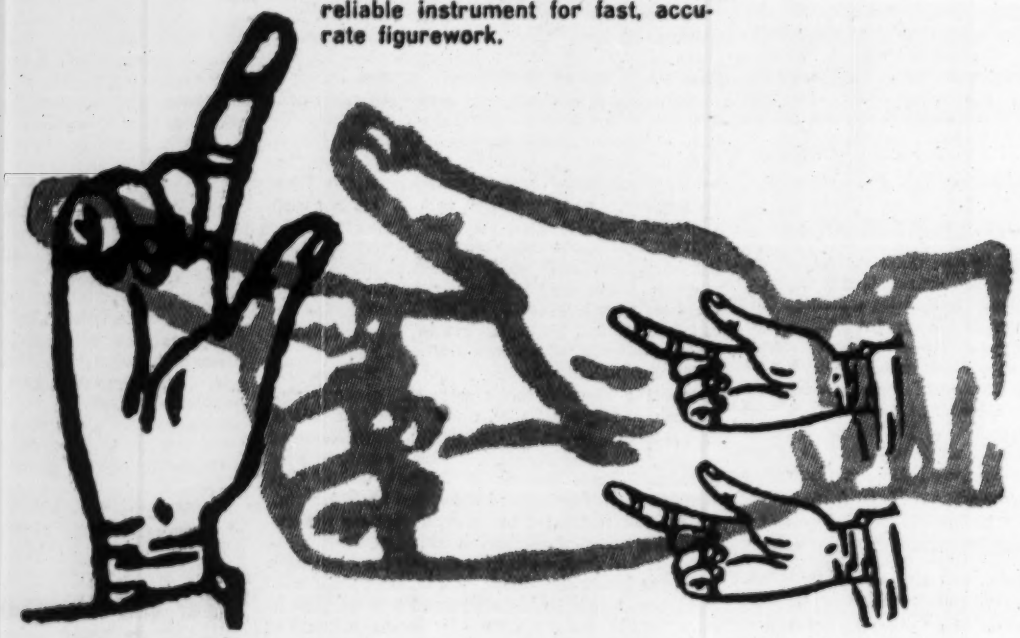

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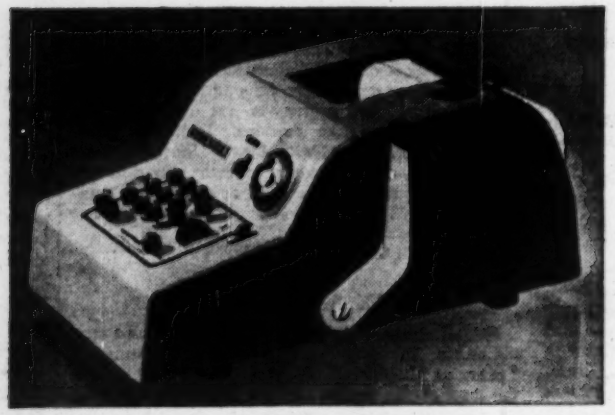

11

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Man of an Idea

ONE of Frank Horrabin's illustrations for Wells's *Outline of History* is called Tribal Deities of the Nineteenth Century, Symbols for which men would die. There they stand in a row: John Bull in masculine isolation and four females classically draped — Britannia, la France, Germania, Kathleen na Houlihan. Every statesman invokes them; some take them seriously. But after the ringing phrases and the emotional dedication, statesmen have to turn to practical affairs. Bismarck has to manufacture his majority in the Reichstag; Churchill must consider the figures of aircraft production; Clemenceau reckons how long it will take for the American transports to cross the Atlantic. Logistics determined the hard battering of two world wars. The Tribal Deities were pushed into the wings. Yet they, too, represented a reality. Without them the conflicts would have been senseless, indeed could never have been kept going. The Tribal Deities will reward a worshipper if he is single-minded enough. General de Gaulle is the proof of it. That mystical symbol, France, made him a world figure; and in return he brought abstract France to life, if only for a brief period.

His book, of which the first volume has just been translated*, is called *War Memoirs*; but the second world war of ordinary sense takes a small place in it. The pressing question for de Gaulle was how to restore France to greatness, not how to defeat the Germans. One can understand the impatience of the British, and the contempt of the American Government. Pressed for men, harassed by shipping losses, they had no time to conduct the war according to the protocol of an imaginary French sovereignty. Roosevelt could have borrowed Stalin's phrase about the Pope and have asked it of de Gaulle with more devastating effect: "how many divisions has he?" The men of Vichy had the same standards. Weygand has recently put the case for them in a plaintive little book†. They were trying to maintain French administration and to rebuild the fragments of an army. De Gaulle's heroics, they thought, would only bring new disasters on France. Weygand, Churchill and Roosevelt sent up a common chorus: let de Gaulle help against the Germans with his few followers and neglect political claims. This refrain did not shake de Gaulle. The defeat of Germany would be meaningless for him unless France was present on the day of victory in all her greatness. And he achieved the miracle. France was restored as a Great Power in 1945 thanks to de Gaulle alone, though whether to her advantage or anyone else's is still an open question.

The note is struck firmly in the first paragraph: "France cannot be France without greatness." This sets the tone of the book as effectively as Proust's announcement that he used to go to bed early. Most memoirs serve one of two purposes. Either they give a picture of the man, or they record the events in which he took part. Not so the memoirs of General de Gaulle. The human being behind the stern, unbending front never emerges for a moment either in the text or in the photographs. In one of these, indeed, the general is smiling. But it is a political smile: he is shaking hands with a member of the Home Guard. The human being in de Gaulle was of no account, least of all to himself. Napoleon and Trotsky wrote of themselves in the third person in order to assert their individualities more dramatically. The "I" of de Gaulle is an equally effective disguise, but in the opposite sense. Apart from France he did not exist, and would not wish to exist. He said so himself in argument with Churchill: "If I do not represent France, why speak to me?" This was the secret of his success, as of his later failure. He could be reduced to nothing; therefore he was relentless in demanding all. Other political leaders could be cajoled or threatened; they might see practical advantages or recognise practical dangers. De Gaulle knew only one rule of conduct: "limited and alone though I was, and precisely because I was so, I had to climb to the heights and never then to come down."

He withdrew not only from humanity but from events. His book does little to illuminate the course of the war; and even when the lights are turned on, they produce unusual effects. Not that de Gaulle's memoirs are untrue or misleading. But they are not about the second world war, as it was experienced by millions of men, high and low, in every belligerent country. They are not even about de Gaulle, as others experienced him. Consider the first two chapters which cover the period until the appointment of Pétain as Prime Minister on June 16, 1940. They show de Gaulle seeking to inspire resolution in Reynaud, proposing offensive manœuvres to Weygand, weighing up Huntziger as a possible commander-in-chief, and finally leaving Bordeaux in calm resolution. "There was nothing romantic or difficult about the departure." Others failed to notice the hero in the making. There are innumerable French memoirs on the period before the armistice; de Gaulle's are the only ones to suggest that he played a serious part. Weygand has remarked, probably truly, that he himself was too preoccupied to listen to strategical rhapsodies from a junior general. Sir Edward Spears has drawn a very different picture of the departure: de Gaulle sheltering in the dark behind a pillar, making bogus appointments to conceal his plans for departure, and finally being pulled into the aeroplane as it left the ground. No doubt things happened much like that, though later estrangement may have sharpened a line or two. Yet the historical truth is here a matter of feeling, not of events. Once de Gaulle had become France, he had to hold his head high from the beginning. He became France as he crossed the Channel; and he has never cast himself since for any other part.

Like most legends, the legend of de Gaulle presents itself as all of a piece. The leader arrives in London; he assembles a few devoted followers; and this force continues to grow until, as the climax of this volume, the Fighting French cover themselves with glory at the battle of Bir Hakeim. The real story seems to have been more varied, though also heroic. When de Gaulle first came to London, he did not realise that he would be alone. He supposed that the colonial governors would continue their resistance; and his own task was to be the representative of France in London only in the sense of being her ambassador. The governors obeyed the orders of Vichy with one outstanding exception. Even then de Gaulle thought that his isolation would be temporary. He anticipated that all Africa would turn against Vichy, despite the governors. Instead the expedition to Dakar ended in failure. This was the real turning-point of de Gaulle's career. Not only was he alone. His warmest adherents, Churchill and Spears, doubted his effectiveness. Spears showed reports from London that "de Gaulle, in despair, abandoned by his partisans, dropped by the British into the bargain, would renounce all activity." De Gaulle adds:

> I, in my narrow cabin, in a harbour crushed by the heat, was completing my education in what the reactions of fear could be, both among adversaries taking revenge for having felt it and among allies suddenly alarmed by a set-back.

He did not weaken. From this moment he set out to embody "the image of a France indomitable in the midst of her trials." This was "to dictate my bearing and to impose upon my personality an attitude I could never again change."

Until Dakar, de Gaulle and the British Government both assumed that his movement would soon bring large concrete advantage to the allied cause. After Dakar, de Gaulle had few assets, and these were more or less stable. Equatorial Africa sent colonial troops which performed miracles of valour at Bir Hakeim; France itself provided some centres of intelligence, though hardly a resistance. De Gaulle was left willy-nilly to fight a different war, the war against the allies; and there is nothing to suggest that he fought it with any reluctance. Roughly half the present volume deals with this absorbing struggle. No doubt something real and important was at stake, if only for de Gaulle. Yet in retrospect it provides material for comedy. There was the struggle first for followers. The British intelligence services were eager to kidnap every fresh arrival from France, and would assert cheerfully that de Gaulle and the British were the same thing. In the dark winter blitz of 1940-41 British and French agents dodged and manœuvred for "bodies" as mercantilist powers used to dispute over skilled craftsmen. Then, on a higher level of farce, comes the war over Admiral Muselier. He was accused of treachery on the basis of forgeries so crude that only M.I.5 could have been taken in by them; released after a crisis of international magnitude; then turned into a rebel against de Gaulle; and was finally confined by the British on de Gaulle's

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* *War Memoirs*. By CHARLES DE GAULLE. Vol. I. *The Call to Honour*, 1940-1942. *Collins*. 18*s*. *Documents*. *Collins*. 25*s*.

† *En lisant les mémoires de guerre du Général de Gaulle*. By GENERAL WEYGAND. *Paris: Flammarion*. 400*frs*.

AFTER

Tolstoy,

Turgenev,

Gorky . . .

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request. It must have been puzzling for Churchill to decide whether de Gaulle had called to have a Free Frenchman released or imprisoned.

This was small beer compared to the conflict over Syria. There must be something in the Near East which deprives men of their common sense. How otherwise explain the long-standing British craze for the Arabs, even at their Egyptian stage of decay? Why should England and France have quarrelled over Syria even as allies, ever since the Crusades? Everyone behaved badly in the Syrian affair. Dentz, the Vichy general, outdid his government in collaborating with the Germans; the British authorities first neglected Syria and then blamed de Gaulle for the consequences of their own mistakes; and de Gaulle claimed to liberate Syria, though it turned out to be impossible for him to do so. The story has all the futility which make men dismiss diplomatic history as trivial. It had important personal consequences. De Gaulle and Spears were permanently estranged; as were many British and French officials in the Middle East. But, of course, it amounted to little in the long run. Both Great Britain and France have been pushed out of the Arab countries; and the events in Syria merely determined the order of their going.

There was a similar dispute when the British acted in Madagascar without de Gaulle's approval; and a tremendous row with Washington when he ordered Muselier to liberate the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon solely because the American Government had forbidden the operation. De Gaulle was indeed relentless in asserting himself. Did the British commander in the Middle East plead that he had no transport with which to move French troops from Syria to the North African battlefield? Within twenty-four hours de Gaulle had approached the Soviet Ambassador in London and offered to send a French army to Russia. The same superb assurance served de Gaulle well with the Communists. He makes out now that he welcomed them in order that France should be for once united. Did he not also welcome their assistance against the British and American Governments? The Communists no doubt thought that they had captured him. They were wrong: he had captured them and will go down in history as the only man who has ever outwitted Communists on their own ground.

The whole makes a strange story, a triumph of the human will over material circumstances. Was there any sense, any use in it? So far as winning the war goes, not much; nor can it be said that present-day France has profited from the Gaullist epic. De Gaulle was the servant of an idea, not a statesman, still less a politician. He appealed to others of the same kind—novelists, anthropologists, perhaps most of all to foreigners who loved France from afar. The France he worshipped meant little to the Frenchmen who lived there. Still, an individual defying the world and succeeding in his defiance, however briefly, will always inspire admiration until the rule of the masses submerges us. The story of de Gaulle has, maybe, little to do with the Second World War, but it is magnificent all the same.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Lullaby

Here is the guillotine.
Here is its good blade.
Here is the judged man.
Here is the judge and
Here the skilled headsman.
Here is a juror
  and eleven more,
  sensible fellows
  never in court before.
Here comes the judgment.
Here is the crime.
Here is our punishment
  in our God's name,
Hear it proclaimed, O
  in your name and mine
  go from the frying pan
  into the lime.
Here pass three Sundays and
Here comes the warden.
Here is God's spokesman
Here in the little shed
  with us beside him.
  And the guilty's weight
  how it will die
  gleam in the hangman's blue eye.
Here is the frail breath
Here the plain rope.
Here is the long knot
  like a thumb
Here the taut spring from
Here to eternity
  under the dark hood.
  Does the womb burst?
  Do they swing on its legs
  so's not to make it worse?
  As the soul goes adrift.
Here is the courthouse.
Here is the judge and
Here is his candle.
Here he is going to bed
  and sleep in his head
  is easy as Babylon.
  And the dozen true men
  are going to bed
  whose hosts are your daughters.
Here are their candles.
Here are the flames
  like thirteen nails
  in that dead girl's lime,
  and our law is just
  as clear as their sleeping time.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

Marcel Jouhandeau

Marcel and Elise. By MARCEL JOUHANDEAU. Translated by MARTIN TURNELL. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Although this appears to be the first introduction of Jouhandeau to the English-speaking public, it would be wrong to think of him as a new writer just making his mark. He is, in fact, nearing seventy and has some forty-odd books to his name. The explanation of his late emergence in translation is, no doubt, that until quite recently he was unknown in France, outside a very small circle. Suddenly, after the Liberation, his books about married life achieved notoriety and, to the disgust of some of his former readers, they were widely publicised as new, scandalous variations on the eternal theme of *elle et lui*. Mr. Turnell's volume consists of extracts from seven of these books about marriage, preceded by an introduction in which Mr. Turnell makes high claims for Jouhandeau as a writer. Monsieur Godeau and Elise (Jouhandeau and his wife as they appear in these books) are, says Mr. Turnell,

> two of the most formidable creations in contemporary literature. The exchanges between them provide us with fresh and disturbing insights not merely into human nature, but into the human couple in marriage.

I should admit straightaway that I cannot see them as such formidable creations and that Jouhandeau's account of marriage does not strike

me as his best achievement. I even wonder if his marriage, now twenty-six years old, is not partly a literary device. He is one of those Frenchmen so eaten up with language that they live, as it were, inside their next book, even conducting their love-affairs with an eye on the material required for future chapters. I am not suggesting that there is anything commercial about Jouhandeau's approach. On the contrary, he has always led an obscure and modest life. But he is a *littérateur* in the sense that living itself, one feels, is less important to him than the egocentric web of words it enables him to weave. He lives, pen in hand, writing scraps of an immense diary-cum-memoirs, and although all sorts of characters figure in its pages, they are never (not even Elise) quite objectified enough to dispel my impression of claustrophobia.

This criticism does not apply to his earliest books, nor to passages in the recent series called *Mémorial* where he reverts to the early manner. He has two main categories of subject-matter; what he saw during childhood and youth in the small provincial town of Guéret (which he calls Chaminadour), and the events of his later life in Paris. His chief quality, to my mind, is his gift for cruel and erotic anecdote. Once read, his accounts of the many shockingly poetic things he saw in the woodshed as a boy, can never be forgotten. In the two volumes entitled *Chaminadour*, in *Essai sur moi-même* and in *Mémorial*, he provides glimpse after glimpse of a bright morning world where lusty butcher boys discover their virility together, tough old peasants strenuously rape their granddaughters, and satanic wenches roast live rats over braziers. Compared to this direct, pagan vision, the religious questionings of the later books, and even the accounts of personal relationships, seem dim and tedious, apart from *Carnet du professeur*, a slight but subtle collection of anecdotes about the boys and masters of the Catholic school where he taught for nearly forty years.

His adult experience is not fully transmuted into art. He is, of course, a Catholic homosexual, but more genuinely homosexual, I suspect, than Catholic. At the core of his writing lie masturbation, sodomy and guilt, the usual dreary trinity. Elise, his flamboyant, unpredictable wife, provides him with a good "subject," but she is really on the fringe of his attention. He gives various reasons for having married her; to escape from "freedom," to try to cure his homosexuality, in order to suffer. Perhaps the salutary irritation of Elise, together with the hygiene of writing, prevented him from going mad. If so, his marriage is genuine in its way. But the way is not ordinary enough to be representative. I am mildly amused by Elise's tantrums, but she does not become present to me as an interesting but shoddy person—like, say, Proust's Odette. In the long run, she is a bore, because she is just part of M. Jouhandeau's set-up. He does not really love her, in the intervals of hating her (which would be the usual conjugal situation); he is using her as a sheet-anchor or as an Aunt Sally. This is perhaps why, when he comes to what should be a major issue, the struggle between homosexual and heterosexual love, in *Chronique d'une passion*, his writing fails. Elise is not a worthy enough object to set against his other interests. As someone said in connection with Montherlant's elaborate condemnation of women, "*Il n'est pas difficile de détester les femmes quand on ne les aime pas.*"

There is another point on which I cannot agree with Mr. Turnell. Most of Jouhandeau's later books consist of fragments, put together in no particular order. Almost any bit of one book might be in any bit of another, and indeed sometimes is. Jouhandeau apparently composes, under stress of an immediate urge, in innumerable small units, which he afterwards shuffles into volume form. Mr. Turnell argues that this is a virtue:

> This apparent looseness of construction . . . conceals a different kind of unity . . . personal rhythm . . . the continual oscillation between extremes, between the heights and the depths, greatness and abjection, nobility and baseness . . . the

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absence of a conventional framework adds enormously to the impact of his best work.

I cannot feel this. Again and again, one's interest is just being aroused when the strand breaks and one plunges into a quite different subject. In this respect, it is true, Jouhandeau might be said to be in the great French tradition of fragmentary moralists—Pascal, La Bruyère, Joubert, Valéry, Gide. It would still remain to be proved, however, that the fragmentary nature of their writings is a virtue. I am not sure that it is, although, obviously, their bits and pieces are superior to the finished constructions of lesser men. In Jouhandeau's case, it is much better to have written *Essai sur moi-même*, because of certain passages it contains, than one of the many recent glib novels; but even so, *Essai sur moi-même* is a very imperfect book, and so are the various *Chroniques Maritales*. Moreover, philosophical or theological meditation, which he goes in for a good deal, is not his forte, although Claude Mauriac has published a rather pompous book, *Introduction à une mystique de l'enfer*, about Jouhandeau the sinner-saint. Jouhandeau writes well, but he wrangles self-importantly with God and he has no gift for organising his experience. To give a simple example; at one moment he is all for sexual indulgence; at another he stresses the beauties of chastity; this is human enough, but it does not amount to a thought, and it is futile as literature, unless the reader is carried along some aesthetic curve from one attitude to the other.

The earlier works, *Chaminadour* in particular, are aesthetically satisfying in a traditional way; they show many signs of careful rewriting and are unclouded by argument. Perhaps Jouhandeau's psychological stresses later became too great for him to control, or perhaps he grew careless and self-satisfied and expected his readers to nibble experience raw out of his hand. Some certainly like to do so. For me, however, the greater part of his output is a confused psychological document, spangled with particles of literature. In this respect, he is reminiscent, strangely enough, of Restif de la Bretonne. He is a far more fastidious and subtle writer, of course, and he has a rather different set of erotic obsessions, but he tries to mythologise himself as M. Godeau, just as Restif wrote about himself as M. Nicolas, he has the same slightly mad garrulity, the same repetitious insistence on the incidents of childhood and youth, and the same compulsive urge to tell all.

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Managerial Manifesto

The Practice of Management. By PETER DRUCKER. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

In his powerful and influential analysis of totalitarianism, *The End of Economic Man*, published in 1939, Peter Drucker claimed that for the western democracies to exorcise the fear of Fascism "economic progress has to be relegated to a secondary place." His mood in 1955 is very different. In his brand-new managerial survey, he chooses as his slogan "Human Organisation for Peak Performance" and claims that "management, which is the organ of society specifically charged with making resources productive, that is, with the responsibility for organised economic advance, therefore reflects the basic spirit of the modern age." The change in mood does not merely reflect a switch from depression psychosis to inflationary optimism; it records the fact that between 1939 and 1955 Drucker discovered America. The result has been books like *Big Business* and *The New Society*. His latest product is a manifesto, rather long as manifestos go (355 pages), but a rousing call to universal action, which makes existing text-books of business administration even more dull and archaic than vulgar political economy before Marx.

The manifesto is designed for managers the whole world over, including the Soviet Union: it has the practical purpose of narrowing the gap between what they are doing now and what they could do if only they were sufficiently enlightened. It is particularly eloquent when Drucker is dismissing the three sets of people for whom he has an abiding contempt. The first are those muddle-headed businessmen who misdirect subordinates rather than turn their businesses into growing concerns. The second are those professional dispensers of industrial advice who do not trouble to analyse the outmoded premises of "personnel administration," "scientific management" and "human relations." The third are the economists who, with a few exceptions like Schumpeter, are either casuists or dupes. The people Drucker really likes are those "friends in American management" who have provided him with an ample supply of fact and folklore concerning American business. The manifesto smells of a factory and not of a museum. It is doubtful, however, whether any British friends would have been of much use to him. British business reticence does not greatly encourage the writer of manifestos of this kind.

Nonetheless this is a book for the British market. There is just enough of Machiavelli in it to make managers diagnose their weaknesses and improve their efficiency. "If the top executive in a company gets a salary several times as large as the salaries paid to the Number Two, Three and Four men, you can be pretty sure that the firm is badly managed." "The most common source of mistakes in management decisions is the emphasis on finding the right answer rather than the right question." The Machiavellian pill is coated with the sugar of Samuel Smiles. There are the same moral tales, the same insistence on character and integrity, the same ultimate dependence on the Bible, Aeschylus and Shakespeare—with St. Thomas Aquinas added. The only big difference is that while Smiles talked about the road to success, Drucker, as a true believer in the American Revolution of the Twentieth Century, assumes success and talks most about what to do when you have got it. "Problems of success are always the hardest—if only because the human mind tends to believe that everything is easy once success has been attained."

Yet neither Machiavelli for managers nor Smiles for students of automation are the magnets which should draw British readers to the book. The biggest magnet is Drucker himself. He has three outstanding gifts as a writer on business—acute perception, brilliant skill as a reporter and unlimited self-confidence. His sharp insights into organisation theory and decision-making within the firm reveal exceptional intelligence and save him from unlimited belief in the dogmas of American capitalism. His penetrating accounts of the Ford Company, the retail enterprise of Sears, Roebuck, and, most interesting of all, the International Business Machines concern, are worth a library of formal business histories. His unlimited self-confidence permits him to judge where other men would be content to observe and report, and he is equally shrewd in dissecting the weaknesses of the "human relations" approach to industry, of which he admits himself to be a disciple, and the failures of the business practice of nominally successful ventures.

It is only his underlying philosophy which can be challenged. He is uninspired by the "socialist dream" and maintains stoutly in face of critics of the profit motive that "management must, therefore find some way to get the worker to accept profit as necessary, if not as beneficial and in his own interest." While rejecting as primitive the slogan "what is good for General Motors is good for the country," he warmly commends the slogan, "what is good for the country must be made good for Sears, Roebuck." In consequence his conclusions have only manipulative implications for European economies: they cannot in themselves clarify some of the most important issues on this side of the Atlantic. It is at this strategic point—to use his own terminology—that the managerial manifesto loses force as a basic document, and we are left wondering whether Drucker himself is not more interested in the right answers than the right questions.

ASA BRIGGS

Intensities

The Psychological Novel, 1900-1950. By LEON EDEL. *Hart-Davis.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Criticism means asking questions; but Mr. Edel, the distinguished biographer of Henry James, has left a good many unasked. His short book is about "the most characteristic aspect of twentieth-century fiction: its inward-turning to convey the flow of mental experience." He is interested in "how is it done?", somewhat less in "what does it try to do?", and scarcely at all in "how come?", "how good?", or "what next?" He writes for an audience that has not heard the whetting of knives by Mr. Angus Wilson and others; for novelists who have not wondered whether "inwardness" might not be the inwardness of the unlighted cell. He has "sought to define" and no more. He is entitled to do this: but—have people in America not woken up yet, or is it we who have wearied ourselves back to sleep?—his study, seen from here, looks at times oddly blurred and beside the point.

Back, then, to definition. Mr. Edel deals with Proust, Joyce, Dorothy Richardson, Virginia Woolf, and Faulkner; among the forerunners he looks at James and at Dujardin's *Les Lauriers sont coupés*. Almost at once we see what a slippery sort of fish is the modern psychological novel, and what elaborate nets will be needed to catch it. Something has happened, but what? In one sense these watercourses are pretty familiar; Mr. Edel's definitions are often good but unsurprising. This new kind of novelist strives to render rather than to report experience; to make us sharers, not so much in what a human consciousness thinks or feels or remembers as in how it thinks or feels or remembers; to catch the "snowflake" of thought at its melting-point or, as Proust said, "to explore his sleep with his mind

without his intervention leading to his awakening." The novelist works not on the unconscious but on the outer twilight of consciousness, he is much preoccupied with time, stretches, compresses, twists it to suit the adventures not of the body at large in the world but of that stirring, blurring consciousness.

Part of the trouble is that if you are in the definition business you must define what a thing is not, as well as what it is; and here Mr. Edel leaves a gap. His nets seem too small. At times his new novelists seem new merely because they leave out the physical paraphernalia of life. Thus the scene of the quarrel over the Christmas dinner, in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, "had it been told by Balzac, would have contained a catalogue of the household furnishings, the menu, and minute descriptions of those at the table"; and *Mrs. Dalloway* "illustrates admirably the worth of the symbolist method in fiction" because—

> We have only to think of a Zola or a George Moore creating Clarissa after the manner of their naturalist doctrines to understand the difference. Clarissa would emerge as a commonplace woman, the facade described in detail, but no hint of the fascinating and troubled and mysterious personality behind her exterior.

(This last bit, rather than Mrs. Woolf's own work, really calls for the knife.) The answer, of course, is that Stendhal would no more have given us the menu than does Joyce; and that Tolstoy not only could have given us the fascinating, troubled, etc., personality but does so when, in the terrible account of Anna Karenina's last drive, he freely plunges into Anna's "inwardness" or stream of consciousness, besides using every other technique the novelist can lay hands on. The difference that matters is not that between the menu and no menu, but that between the rendering of Julien Sorel's consciousness and Stephen Dedalus's, Anna's and Clarissa's. Mr. Edel seems to realise this, but he does not explore it. On the other hand his nets seem too large when he takes as a starting-point for the modern psychological novel the Jamesian "point of view," or what you might call playing it crooked instead of playing it straight. This characteristically modern device of letting the narrator give himself away informs *Herself Surprised* quite as much as *The Turn of the Screw* or *The Sound and the Fury*: but that does not mean that the first two are psychological novels in Mr. Edel's sense.

As for what these novelists were after in their wrestle with the matter of life, the best answer is that given Mr. Edel by a woman poet: from Dorothy Richardson's work, she said, she got "intensities." That is about it—intensities *all the time*. Tolstoy can give us Anna's consciousness, all of it, the beggar-woman and the sign of Filippov's bun shop that come swimming into it, but only at the moment of highest intensity. These others insist on keeping it up. Here is indeed the "large effort" to write "symbolist fiction"—to take life, all of it, funnel it through the human consciousness, and then distil, transmute it into a perfect unity. Reading a novel of this sort is a victory, just as writing it must have been; no peaceful coexistence here of writer, material, and reader. That is why it is so fatiguing. But, as with victory these days, there is something final about it. Mr. Edel sees that *Finnegans Wake* is the "inexorable end-point" of the "novel of subjectivity" (in its way *The Waves* is another). But he suggests that somehow we can go on and on and on and up and up and up. It doesn't look like it. *Ulysses*, *The Waves*, *The Sound and the Fury* are unrepeatable in a way that *Anna Karenina* is not. Is it perhaps that the inward consciousness, however deep you plumb it, shows itself in the long run to be not so various as the relations among human beings in the world at large? These novels were good stuff and new stuff and probably better than anything we are getting now. But they look like brave planks thrown out from the quayside—not like a causeway to anywhere.

JOHN ROSSELLI

Lady from the Sea

Gift from the Sea. By ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH. *Chatto & Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A good deal is written nowadays about the art, the difficult and maddeningly confused art, of being a woman. Everything that was supposed to simplify our life has complicated it. We have escaped from the old frying-pan into an infinitely more distracting and destructive fire. There is no leisure, no peace, no time for self-communion, no time to live. What are we to do?

Mrs. Lindbergh, who thinks coolly and writes well, has put together her conclusions about the difficulty, which in her case is made infinitely worse by the American Way of Life. Americans have far too much of everything, and it is difficult to live in a state of grace in the midst of surfeit. They eat and drink too much, know too many people, keep too many appointments, go to too many places. "Life today in America is based on the premise of ever-widening circles of contact and communication." The human spirit is spread so far, is drained away through so many different channels, that it becomes shallow, thin, exhausted, and finally sterile.

We in Europe have not yet reached such an extreme predicament, but we are on the way. We are copying the American way of life as fast as we can, and unless we take precautions we shall arrive there in time. The precautions which Mrs. Lindbergh suggests, especially for women, are, first, that the outer life should be simplified, the inner life calmed and enlarged. We should insist on a ration of solitude, however small. We should discard the inessentials which devour both spirit and time. Middle-age, she points out, is the easiest time for shedding all those time-wasting, competitive activities that one no longer needs. Well, obviously; but not everybody has the suppleness to do this, and Mrs. Lindbergh's advice is worth pondering. How different life would be if one never kept another conventional Christmas!

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This, in fact, is a simple and wise little book, neither pretentious nor high-flown (in spite of the rather fancy way it is got up, with poetic chapter-headings and sea-shell embellishments), but, within its limits, both perceptive and profound. Mrs. Lindbergh offers no panacea to women—nothing here about relaxation or black molasses—because she knows only too well the intractable nature of the material. "Woman's normal occupations in general run counter to creative life, or contemplative life, or saintly life." One has to learn how to make a shapely whole from the scrappy, confused, devitalised stuff at hand.

MARGARET LANE

Sober Livery

Brides of Reason. By DONALD DAVIE. *Fantasy Press.* 6*s.*

Poems. By ROBERT CONQUEST. *Macmillan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Tree of Idleness. By LAWRENCE DURRELL. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Pedasus. By C. A. TRYPANIS. *School of Art, University of Reading.* 5*s.*

Mr. Donald Davie is the poet as moralist, and he is also very much the moralist in fashion. He conforms, indeed, to almost all the new specifications. He has a Noncomformist background, that comes out often in his verse (allusions to Wesley's sermons and to Selina, Countess of Huntingdon). He is a lecturer in English literature, and if Dublin is not exactly a "provincial" city (which, for the total pattern, it ought to be) still it is at a safer distance from London than Reading or Swansea, and there is something perhaps slightly more impressive in living in Dublin and taking a *rather* poor view of Yeats than in living (like Mr. Kingsley Amis) in Swansea and taking a *very* poor view of Dylan Thomas. Mr. Davie is, indeed, slightly out of line in deriving not so much from Mr. Empson as from the late Augustans. He aims at the restrained gloom of Cowper, the moral weight of Johnson, the affable flow (though less often, this) of Goldsmith. He has written tough books about diction and syntax and his own diction is very consciously "pure" and his syntax "energetic." All this, which ten years ago would have made Mr. Davie appear madly eccentric, should today make him the height of the mode. What, provincial, puritanical, *and* academic? What could be better!

Joking apart, he is a good poet. His puritanism is based not only on the accidents of his birth and upbringing but on a profound horror of man's inhumanity to man. In a long, ambitious poem he tells us that

> At Dachau Yeats and Rilke died. We found,
> In those who lived before,
> Our growing pains. A groaning, cracking sound,
> Exploded now through each exclusive store,
> Starred what we thought light of uncommon day
> And damned it glass. Yet some endured the ray,
> Wordsworth for one, who may have hoped for light
> That never was on sea or land, but knew
> The brittle thing that he was looking through,
> A waving pane projected on the night.

The poem from which these lines come is called an "imitation" and what its general structure and development very much remind me of is Coleridge's *Dejection: an Ode*. One is always in Mr. Davie's poems aware of his masters, or his models, and in the long run that becomes irritating. Too many stanzas shut neatly at the last line, like an eighteenth-century snuff-box. Too many gestures appear premeditated, and one has too often a feeling that the mood has been ever so slightly rigged to fit the rhetoric (whereas rhetoric should be pliable to mood). I should like Mr. Davie to unlace his syntactical stays and to coarsen his diction, sometimes, with a colloquialism of the kind that couldn't have come out of Boswell. Self-consciousness about the way he is doing it—there are poems describing his ideal style and defending his actual style—makes Mr. Davie sometimes resemble a lay-preacher incongruously disguised as Horace Walpole. If he were not so excessively clever and fidgety, his sincerity, which is real, would also be patent. But this is an impressive first collection.

Mr. Conquest's attitude to language is, I think, not unlike Mr. Davie's. He also believes in "purity of diction." I sometimes wonder if the cult of that can be carried too far; many of the poems I like best (some of Yeats's, or *The Waste Land* and *Four Quartets*) move in their diction in a disconcerting way from the coarse to the high-flown, from the flat to the elevated, from the lyrical to the oratorical; and though one can think of no abstract rule to justify this, it is justified in practice when it gives a good poet elbow-room. Mr. Conquest's poems, seen individually, have indeed often annoyed me by what seemed to me an excessive smoothness. My mind slid round them and off them. There was not enough "roughage." They are very much more impressive as a collection, and reveal the range of mind of a liberal and humane person who has travelled, loved, felt the pressure of his time, and thought seriously about poetry, war and life. In his poems about places Mr. Conquest often reminds me very much of Mr. Lawrence Durrell, whose new volume, however, though full of Mediterranean colour, has more poems of mood than of scene.

In some ways, after the extreme tidiness of Mr. Davie and Mr. Conquest, Mr. Durrell makes refreshing reading. He gropes and fumbles sometimes; he does not always manage (or try) to make his deep meanings explicit; he is very elliptical; he mixes his metaphors very briskly, as if in a cocktail-shaker. There is plenty of "roughage" here:

> Then in another city from the same
> Twice-used air and sheets, in the midst
> Of a parting; the same dark bedroom,
> Arctic chamber-pot and cruel iron bed,
> I saw the street-lamp unpick Theodora
> Like an old sweater, unwrinkle eyes and mouth,
> Unbandaging her youth to let me see
> The wounds I had not understood before.

If Theodora *were* a sweater, when she had been unpicked there would be nothing left but strands of wool. Mr. Durrell realises this, and shifts the metaphor to make the strands of wool wrinkles that when pulled away will reveal Theodora's original youthful beauty. That suggests another notion, of unwrapping the swathings round, say, a beautiful statue, but when the word "unbandaging" is used for this it suggests the quite different idea of the bandages over a wound. Mr. Davie and Mr. Conquest might both condemn this as muddled. But in fact the mind does work like this under stress, telescoping images, and how well, also, the metaphorical sweater and bandages work in, for a total atmosphere, with the "real" chamber-pot and bed!

There is more of this northern melancholy than usual, and less Mediterranean sunshine, in Mr. Durrell's new book. The south has its own melancholy, but a calm and serene one. Many of Professor Trypanis's poems evoke it. He writes in the precise and graceful English—formal, dignified, sometimes just trembling on the verge of frigidity—of a Greek who has fallen in love with our tongue. Homer, ancient and modern Greek history, particular places with their legends, inspire him. He is capable of extraordinary tenderness and pathos, as in these few lines about a picture of the Nativity in a Chios church:

> . . . The brown ponies like shabby toys, the shepherds stilted
> On their crooks, the Magi wooden kings that dare not bend,
> Even the angels, village angels—they could never
> Reach the sky again with those flat, clumsy wings. . .

All these four books deserve to be read.

G. S. FRASER

They Died with their Eyes Shut

Doctor at Dien-Bien-Phu. By MAJOR GRAUWIN. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

Dien Bien Phu was one of the decisive battles of history: it marked the climax of the Cold War. On Saturday, April 24, 1954, when the destruction of the French force was already certain, M. Bidault sent a direct request to President Eisenhower, asking him to order an atomic bombardment of the Vietminh troops, "to save the honour of France and the flower of her army." On Sunday, the British Cabinet cabled Washington to explain that Britain could have no part in such an operation—which would almost certainly have led to the outbreak of a third world war. Two days later President Eisenhower, against the advice of a majority of the Chiefs of Staff, cabled his own refusal. Dien Bien Phu fell, the Laniel Government was overthrown, and the world entered the era of co-existence.

Yet Dien Bien Phu need never have taken place. It was, as we now know, the result of an almost unbelievable series of military and political blunders. The base itself was a "fortified camp," hundreds of miles from the French lines, set in a marshy plain surrounded by hills. It consisted of a series of earthworks, roofed with timber and mud, surrounding an airstrip—its only communication with the outside world. Its sole purpose was political: it enabled the French to concentrate a force near enough to the frontiers of Cambodia and Laos to exercise an influence on their politics. As a piece of military planning it was ludicrous, since it was built entirely on the assumption that the Vietminh possessed no artillery.

Hence the camp was doomed from the moment the first shells began to fall on March 12 last year. Why the French Intelligence had obtained no fore-knowledge of the Vietminh artillery concentration is a mystery; and it is even more difficult to understand why General Navarre, the Commander-in-Chief, did not order the camp's immediate evacuation by air, which at that date would have been possible. Instead, he decided to fight it out; the Vietminh army, the French public were told, had at last come out into the open: it would

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One day when doing him this little service I was unable to resist asking how he managed to find his way around so easily. "It must be a great strain to walk along without seeing where you're going," I said. "But isn't it just a little dangerous?" And his reply:

"I was mixed up in a little affair with Jerry at El Alamein. There was some heavy fighting and I was pretty badly knocked about. When I came to, it turned out my sight was done for. To begin with I used to get around with a dog: then I thought it would be more practical to perfect my memory. And now, once I have been led somewhere once, I can always find my way back there a second time, alone. My memory is so good that I can give music lessons and lead a life at home that is practically normal."

I told him that for my career I had a great need of a good memory and that if he would tell me of the method he had used he would indeed be doing me a good turn. He suggested that I should read through a little book which explained very simply the workings of the brain. Acting on his advice, I too made surprising and rapid progress.

Thanks to this method I now remember with incredible ease whatever I have read, my favourite airs, the names and faces of people who visit me, the lectures I have to give, and I have succeeded in learning Spanish in four months.

A year ago I had the good fortune to meet the author of this book and I promised him to recommend his method to my fellow countrymen once it had been translated. Mr. Borg, who is now on a visit to England, has just had this translation published, and I am glad of this opportunity of publicly expressing my gratitude.

You, too, must be eager to acquire that mental power which is a major factor for success in life, so apply to Mr. Borg for his little book, "The Eternal Laws of Success." He sends it free of cost to all who wish to improve their memory. Here is his address: Mr. H. W. Borg, c/o Aubanel Publishers, 14, Lower Baggot Street, Dublin, Ireland. Write at once, for he will soon be leaving to give a series of lectures in France.

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be destroyed. What followed is history. The Vietminh guns smashed the flimsy earthworks to pieces. One by one, the strongpoints surrounding the airstrip were taken by assault, after prolonged artillery barrages. Within two weeks, the airstrip itself had become unusable. Supplies could only be dropped by parachute, and much of them fell into Vietminh hands.

Major Grauwin's account of what it was like inside the condemned fortress makes terrifying reading. As commander of the field hospital, he probably knew better than anyone else the hopelessness of resistance. The hospital itself was too small, and once the air-route to Haiphong had been cut, the wounded overflowed into the trenches. The drainage system was rudimentary, and when the rains came the entire camp filled with water. Grauwin performed operations, sometimes for 18 hours at a stretch, with mud up to his ankles. Rage and despair filled his heart; and when the decision was taken to surrender, he and his staff wept with relief.

But neither Grauwin nor any of his fellow officers appears to have asked themselves what they were doing in Dien Bien Phu. He never mentions the origins of the war, nor its outcome. He is not interested in military strategy or politics. True, he has an occasional word of sympathy for the coolies, who were not entitled to normal rations and who, having no steel helmets, were killed like flies. But he is sorry for them chiefly because they were ineligible for the decorations which were so freely distributed in the last few days before the surrender. It never seems to have occurred to him that a coolie would prefer his life and health to a French *Médaille Militaire*. Grauwin was a brave and loyal officer, whose exertions, under impossible conditions, saved hundreds of lives. But we cannot help feeling, in reading his account, that it was precisely the blind obedience of men like himself which helped to make Dien Bien Phu possible, and which is, perhaps, preparing the ground for a similar catastrophe in North Africa.

PAUL JOHNSON

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God and My Right. By ALFRED DUGGAN. *Faber.* 15s.

A Kind of Justice. By ROBERT GAINES. *Heinemann.* 15s.

Men of Letters. By NOEL BLAKISTON. *Chapman & Hall.* 9s. 6d.

Unknown Assailant. By PATRICK HAMILTON. *Constable.* 11s. 6d.

Doctor at Large. By RICHARD GORDON. *Michael Joseph.* 11s. 6d.

For, not *by* the Establishment, you will observe: alas, it makes all the difference. Each of these first two books might have been designed to beguile the leisure of our grey eminences. Each deals with affairs—and deals with them in the same admiring, respectful, unquestioning fashion. Here, say Mr. Duggan and Mr. Gaines in effect, is the great world; who are we to criticise it? We do not presume to do so, we leave that to the brash onslaughts of those fire-eating knockabouts, Messrs. Fairlie, Muggeridge and Boothby. We, the women of Canterbury, can only render our awe, our wonder, our despair.

Very proper sentiments no doubt. Unfortunately, they do not make for the most exciting kind of fiction. Take Mr. Duggan's reconstruction of the life of Thomas Becket. Scholarly, vivid and (to the present reviewer at least) interminable, it offers little in the way of a convincing interpretation of the Archbishop. It may be good history, but it is not a good novel. In place of Mr. Eliot's man of God—or the complementary "turbulent priest," seen from an anti-clerical angle—Mr. Duggan gives us an avalanche of pageantry under which the lineaments of character are effectively buried. At the end of it all we know little more than that Becket and Henry II both had vile tempers, although the Archbishop, thanks to an early monastic training under the Augustinians at Merton, had his bile under better control. Everything else is buried beneath a load of period properties—falcons, destriers, silks and sarcenets. And how the Twelfth-century Establishment keeps breaking in!

> After Mass the heads of departments exchanged views and gossip, and planned the division of their labours. There were the Barons of the Exchequer, about to sit in the Tower. . . . There were the Judges, about to sit in Westminster Hall, to decide an important suit concerning land. . . . The Keeper of the Wardrobe must arrange with clerks from the Treasury at Winchester about safe custody for the robes and jewels the King had worn yesterday. . . . In another group were the servants of the great officers of state. The Justiciar and the Chamberlain and the Constable could not be expected to appear at these dawn Masses, but their clerks must keep in touch with the Wardrobe and the Marshalsea, or the courtiers might go hungry. This was the only time when responsible officials from every department could meet and talk together.

Though Mr. Duggan's surfeit of lampreys left me feeling utterly exhausted, I enjoyed it considerably. It is by no means his best book but, like all his novels, it has the same qualities of exactness and diligent research.

Mr. Gaines's novel deals with contemporary politics and concerns an Under-Secretary for atomic development accused of corruption. Since, more than in most novels of this kind, the plot really makes up the book, I shall say no more about it. Mr. Gaines has written an exciting, swiftly moving story but much of its effect is spoilt by jejune psychology and motivation. At its best *A Kind of Justice* has a weird authenticity of its own, the authenticity of the cinema. Take this Whitehall vignette of the Home Secretary and the Attorney-General closeted in conference:

> The Attorney relaxed in the chair with a long sigh, dropping at his feet the bulky brief-case, the bowler hat, the bundle of evening papers. He was short and squat, terrifically and enviably strong.
>
> "Tired?"
>
> The Attorney smiled, took a long flat cigarette-case out of a black embroidered waistcoat and offered it across the desk. The sigh had been but a demonstration.
>
> "Well, it's a relief to sit down for a while," he said. "You know what the courts can be on a day like this. I've been up all day examining young Ludlow. God knows how *he* feels."
>
> Cadeby nodded, extracted a cigarette. The Attorney provided the lights, clicking on the lighter over the desk. The strong wrist showed a moment, the wrist of a batsman who had once played for England. . . . The Attorney meditated, drawing deeply at the cigarette, holding the smoke in his lungs.

This would make powerful histrionic pickings for a pair of type-cast ham actors. One can just see that cigarette smoke being held ten seconds longer than nature. But in fact Mr. Gaines is at his best with his senior public servants. At least they impress with the right patter—whereas Cheesebury, his political correspondent, is the strangest, most pathological character ever to have come out of a novelist's Fleet Street, and Fox, the sinister Labour election agent, could give melodramatic points to Chauvelin. Mr. Gaines's novel is an admirable political thriller. As a study of integrity and corruption, and the grey no-man's-land that lies between, it never begins to get anywhere.

Mr. Blakiston takes us into the heart of the cultural Establishment. These skilful, unpretentious and shockingly sentimental short stories belong to what Mr. Cyril Connolly in "The Novel-Addict's Cupboard" calls "satires on literary shop." They are not nearly satirical enough. This is the literary heartland patting itself on the back with a vengeance. A whimsical comradeliness plays over Mr. Blakiston's critics and clubmen; almost to a man they are Dongs with luminous noses for sniffing out one another's charm, good taste and worth-whileness. I would award this book an alpha double-plus for Horrifying Fascination.

Lastly, two excellent entertainments. I have always admired Mr. Patrick Hamilton's novels; he is among the last great exponents of lower middle-class seediness. The whole series dealing with that unmitigated criminal bounder, Ernest Ralph Gorse, have been masterly, and this latest episode, *The Unknown Assailant*, is no exception. Gorse himself is a shadow, a pale amalgam of a dozen *News of the World* desperadoes. It is his victims—Ivy the barmaid and her father, the unspeakable Mr. Barton—who stay in the imagination. *Doctor at Large*, Mr. Gordon's new *sotie*, is as good as any of its predecessors—which is to say that it is a very funny book indeed. The writer has hit upon the golden formula of grafting Wodehouse on to the *Lancet*. I recommend his book to all who enjoy seeing the gilt knocked off professional gingerbread.

JOHN RAYMOND

Guides to Greece

Goodbye to Ithaca. By LOUIS GOLDING. *Hutchinson.* 21s.

Temples and Flowers. By C. C. VYVYAN. *Peter Owen.* 15s.

Greece Invites: A Guide Book. By MONICA KRIPPNER. *Hutchinson.* 10s. 6d.

"Greek, Sir, is like lace; every man gets as much of it as he can." Exchange the country for the language and this is still true. There must be many travellers, like myself, who walk upon the platform at Marseilles with the excitement of setting foot in a Greek colony and delight in a hill-town in the Monts des Maures because it must, surely, be like a town in Greece. One day, we know, we shall get to the real Hellas; meanwhile we must travel there in books.

Mr. Louis Golding's volume is the record of several journeys. For fifty years he has been pursuing Odysseus in mind and heart, and arriving when he could in person upon the Odyssean scene. "Feeling rather old" in 1926 he made a

bid for Ithaca but got no nearer than Patras. In 1953 he did the thing properly, spending a week in Troy and travelling among the islands to savour at last the delectable life and landscape of Ithaca, just a month before it was devasted by the earthquake. He is an energetic connoisseur of food, drink, personalities and natural beauty, and a determined humourist—sometimes in the mood of those Olympian jokes familiar in French comics ("*Partons, Vénus, on nous regarde*"), sometimes in teasing the enigmatic Edward about his passion for machinery. For the most part I relished travelling with this jolly old gentleman, enjoying his reflexions on the reality of Odysseus and sharing his gusto in identifying the places his hero visited.

Lady Vyvyan is at heart an eliminator: everything in a rucksack, sleeping in E-Hotels, eating at the lowest café but one and washing in the mountain stream. She has some quiet fun at the expense of Margot who, though carefully schooled, arrived in Athens with the kind of luggage from which cocktail dresses emerge on hangers. However she was coaxed into a *xenodokeion* at Tripolis (an E if ever there was one) and must have been jolly glad when "after many days search for a public lavatory" Lady Vyvyan returned in triumph: "'At last!' I shouted in my excitement, 'think of gynaecology. There is GUNAIKON as large as life!'" Margot then gave place to Daphne who was tougher, though she "intimated that a log-hut as such had no particular attraction for her," and together they achieved a lyrical journey into the mountains south-west of Olympus, making friends everywhere and beguiling me into knowing with the clarity they say is the normal light of Greece that this sort of holiday is the one I most want for myself.

Greece Invites is a light, inexpensive and moderately complete guide to Greece in the making of which everyone was wonderfully helpful to Miss Krippner as she flashed around the cities and islands in the latter part of 1954. She takes a firmly official view of the goodness of the roads, the efficiency of the bus-services and the "hygiene drive" with its "legacy of clean village inns." There are no recommendations for hotels, and I fancy most travellers would exchange the expensive photographs for a good map: the one on the end-papers uses a different transliteration from the text and is a mere sketch. I shall keep this book with good hope that it will be useful, and confidence that Greece is not so glossy as it pretends.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

Freud is not for Canning?

The Jet-Propelled Couch. By ROBERT LINDNER. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

This is the latest in a new American genre in which psychoanalytical case-histories are written up as documentary fiction. In spite of a recommendation on the dust-jacket by Dr. Ernest Jones, I doubt whether Freud would have approved. He always viewed the popularity of his discoveries in America with some misgiving. (He had very strong anti-American prejudices and used cheerfully to prophesy the ultimate domination of the U.S.A. by the Negro population.) I suspect he might have dismissed Dr. Lindner's book as a typical piece of transatlantic vulgarity.

The trouble, of course, with the written-up case-history, is that it immediately loses its documentary value. Psychiatric prose is often badly written, bald, stilted, overladen with adjectives and adverbs; but its very badness may be due to its striving after truth; it is unlikely to be half so bad as the snappy magazine journalism of Dr. Lindner's writing-up, when he gets really going. But perhaps I am not being quite fair: I should make it clear that the standard, here, is very much higher than that of the average blue-sky book; Dr. Lindner really does try to go fairly deep.

There are five stories. "Songs My Mother Taught Me" is about a mother-fixated schizophrenic who stabbed a girl to death. The fact that he was brought up in orphanages—and raped by tramps—makes one suspicious of him as typical clinical material. "Solitaire" is about a depressed girl, a case of bulimia (neurotic greed). "Destiny's Tot" is a study of a Fascist psychopath, interesting as showing how the neurotic trends become absorbed in "the movement." "Come Over, Red Rover" is likely to be regarded as the joke-piece. Mac is a Communist agitator suffering from impotence and *ejaculatio praecox*:

> Mac turned on the couch and looked at me. I could see the pain and torment in his eyes. "You're a hard guy," he said . . . "but I guess you have to be. . . Let's see. The Party and potency are tied up in my mind. . . By not talking about the party I'm castrating myself. . ."

Later, we discover that he associates sexual intercourse with giving away party secrets. There are obvious possibilities here for the State Department. A propaganda campaign based on the slogan: "Communism makes you impotent!" might win back China without shedding an atom of hydrogen.

The title-story is much the most interesting, more than a cut above the rest. The patient, a research physicist, has become curiously "dissociated" and lives in an extraordinary science-fiction world, most vividly experienced, in which he is lord of another planet. His analysis traces this back, in part, to several unusual factors including an almost symbiotically close relationship with his Polynesian nurse, and, at puberty, a peculiarly violent seduction by a nymphomaniacal governess. An additional odd feature of the case was the way Dr. Lindner found himself participating in the patient's fantasy life.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Gramophone Notes

THE complete set of Wagner's *Die Walküre* (*HMV) is chiefly remarkable for the magnificent playing of the Vienna Philharmonic under Furtwängler. The cast all have their admirable moments, but never approach the front rank: the Wotan (Frantz) has a fine voice, but little more variety of tone or expression than a trombone; the Sieglinde (Rysanek), though a good artist, is woefully unsteady; the Brünnhilde (Mödl) is at her best in the quiet, tragic passages (her *Todesverkündigung* is very moving), but her voice has a mezzo quality most unsuited to the part and she does not manage the big, high passages with any ease or conviction. Only the Siegmund (Suthaus) and the Hunding (Frick) really fill the bill, and one has heard these parts better sung. Nevertheless, the set as a whole is an enjoyable experience; it is superbly engineered (the voices never drown the orchestra) and the instrumental sound is continuously beautiful. Besides, this set is Furtwängler's swan song, and many discophiles will want to possess it for that reason alone. Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* (HMV) is in more dubious case. The conductor is Toscanini and the score is infused with his usual vitality, but—unlike that of *Walküre*—it does not sound beautiful because the recording (made at a public performance) is dry and unpleasant. Robert Merrill is a splendid Renato; but the rest of the American and American-Italian cast give routine performances that would pall on repetition. This is, I would suggest, a set to borrow from the library rather than to buy. On the other hand, all who can afford it are urged to acquire the complete set of Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos* (**C.). This lovely but static little opera makes ideal recording material, and, with the exception of the Bacchus

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(Schock), who makes heavy weather of his admittedly very difficult part, the roles are exquisitely sung. I think it was perhaps a mistake on the part of the conductor to give the three ladies (Naiad, Dryad and Echo) a special acoustic of their own, which makes their ensemble, though much better sung than usual, sound too dim and indistinct; and some of the tempi (*e.g.* that of Ariadne's aria) seem to me uncomfortably slow. But in all other respects the performance shows every sign of the most loving care and a perfect sense of style. The recording is excellent. The same composer's tone poem, *Ein Heldenleben*, of which two outstanding versions are already extant, emerges once more on a disc (New York Phil Sym/Reiner. **HMV) which bids fair to outshine both its rivals in sheer splendour of sound, in sweep and intensity. This interpretation is clearly based, not only on long experience of the music, but on an imposing conviction of its worth.

Singing with beautiful tone and perfect understanding, Fischer-Dieskau gives a performance of Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* to outclass all others, and he couples with them some songs from Brahms's Op 32 (**HMV). The latter were written in 1864—not one of the composer's happiest years—and, with the exception of the radiant "Wie bist du, meine Königin," they are in fact rather gloomy. The effect is that of a little (very little) *Winterreise;* the sequence is not well known and some of the songs have a lyrical sadness that is moving in a teutonic fashion. Two religious pieces, almost comically different from each other, are recommended as likely to have a lasting appeal: Rossini's *Messe solennelle* (Soloists/Chorus/2 Pianos/Organ. **HMV) and Couperin's *Trois Leçons de Ténèbres* (**N.). The first of these works is something of a curiosity: it dates from the last years of Rossini's life, and was written for a private performance—hence the peculiar ensemble chosen. The composer afterwards orchestrated the mass, largely in order to prevent anyone else doing it; but lovers of Rossini will, I think, prefer the original version, odd as it sounds, to begin with. Make no mistake: this is a very beautiful work, not overpoweringly operatic, and full of genial inspiration. The performance, which stems from the Virtuosi di Roma group, is admirably right and beautifully recorded. Hugues Cuénod (joined in the Third Lesson by Gino Sinimberghi) gives a stylistically impeccable account of Couperin's highly decorated, but profoundly felt and musically very interesting, meditations on the Passion. Superficially somewhat monotonous, this grave music yields its beauties only to those who are prepared to study it closely.

Almost anybody would jump at a coupling of Mozart's "little" C major Symphony, K.338, with the D major, K.504 ("Prague"); but the rival discs (Chicago SO/Kubelik (HMV) and Berlin Phil/Markevitch (D.G.)) should give him pause. In both versions the C major comes off quite well, though it lacks the blitheness and luminosity that Beecham (in the SP set) gave it; but neither Kubelik nor Markevitch achieves more than routine performances, in which the animation seems mechanical and the candle-lit glow of the Andante is spoilt by charmless phrasing. The best Prague remains that of Beecham, who couples it with his own ballet-suite from music by Handel, *The Faithful Shepherd*. That Kubelik can be a first-rate conductor is amply demonstrated by his coupling of Hindemith's *Symphonic Metamorphosis on Themes by Weber* with Schoenberg's *Five Orchestral Pieces*, in which the Chicago Orchestra shows what a fine-tempered body it is (**HMV). The Hindemith finds the composer in relaxed mood: it is a jolly piece, cleverly humorous, and with at least one episode of real poetic feeling; only some of the big tuttis betray the brashness and ugly scoring which damage many of Hindemith's orchestral works. The Schoenberg pieces date from 1908. They are atonal but not 12-note, and seem to be built out of chord-structures. Though not at all profound, they are fascinatingly scored, in an impressionistic style, and each has a title: *Presentiments, Things Past, Colours, Peripeteia*, and *Recitative obbligato*. I would suggest to Bruckner addicts that they stick to the Klemperer version of his Fourth Symphony (**V.) and have nothing to do with the new Vienna Phil/Knappertsbusch set (D.), even though it throws in the *Siegfried Idyll* on side 4. This is a lumpish, rhythmically plodding performance, and the conductor does not follow the original score. On the other hand, the latest version of Bartok's splendid Violin Concerto (Gitlis/Pro Musica SO/Horenstein. **V.) is by a long chalk the best available. Ivry Gitlis gives a most vital and arresting performance, technically magnificent and full of colour and poetry; the orchestral support shows a thorough knowledge and understanding of the work. Buyers of this admirable disc will also get Bartok's athletic and imaginative Sonata for Unaccompanied Violin, in which the qualities displayed in the concerto are equally present.

Though I have hitherto been a staunch adherent of Friedrich Wührer's version of Brahms's First Piano Concerto (V.), I must admit that the latest issue (Solomon/Philharmonia/Kubelik. **HMV) is just as finely played and distinctly better recorded: the effect of the full orchestra in this energetic work is impressively spacious and the piano tone very faithful. Few pianists, if any, can sustain a very slow tempo as convincingly as Solomon, and under his hands the Adagio sounds genuinely religious. The same pianist has also added another disc to his complete recording of Beethoven's Sonatas—in this case Op. 57 ("Appassionata") and Op. 101 in A major (**HMV)—which couples the best performances to date, in a recording that leaves nothing to be desired. To judge by her latest offering, Bloch's *Schelomo* and *Voice in the Wilderness* (**D.), Zara Nelsova has greatly increased her stature as a cellist since making the Dvorak Concerto, which lacked virtuosity. There is no lack of technical assurance here, or of tonal variety, and those who enjoy the dusky rhapsodising of *Schelomo* will find much to admire in the lesser known symphonic poem, which was composed 1934-6 but does not suffer from the restricted vocabulary that afflicts much of Bloch's later music.

The Amadeus Quartet put us again in their debt by a well thought-out performance of Haydn's very original Quartet in C major, Op 54, No. 2 (**HMV), which has not hitherto been available on LP. Unfortunately the coupling, Mozart's Quartet in D minor, K421, is much less well conceived: the tempi are generally too slow and the effect rather dull. Nathan Milstein offers two of Bach's Sonatas for Unaccompanied Violin: No. 1 in G minor and No. 2 in D minor (often known as a Partita) (**Cap.). Milstein is one of the greatest living masters of the violin, and if his style is sometimes rather cold in music of the Romantic period, Bach seems to suit him to perfection. Those mercurial pieces, Schumann's *Carnaval* and *Kreisleriana*, lay themselves wide open to diverse interpretations, but, by and large, I should say that Geza Anda's accounts of both suites were among the most durable in the catalogue (**C.). Without forgetting the peculiar poetry of Cortot's *Carnaval*, I find Anda's more wholly satisfying, since, while his account of the quicker numbers is technically far superior to that of the older pianist, he brings an unusual delicacy of touch to Schumann's brilliant musical characterisations. His *Kreisleriana*, again, is more individual than that of Joerg Demus (N.) and he never allows the heavier passages to sound ugly.

The *Sonata on the 94th Psalm* by Julius Reubke (1834-1858) is justly famous in the organ loft, though hardly elsewhere. This gifted composer was a pupil of Liszt, as the Sonata, a typically romantic work in fantasia form, proclaims in every bar. A heroic meditation, by turns melancholy and passionately aspiring, it is full of noble invention and brilliant technical devices. Richard Elsasser plays it wonderfully (**P.), but the extreme complexity of many passages renders the form difficult to seize at first, and even at second, hearing. The coupling, Guilmant's Sonata in D minor, Op 42, combines the styles of Bach, Mendelssohn and Franck; but the result is not merely eclectic and repeated hearings reveal an original mind. There is some overloading towards the end of this side of the disc, but not enough to matter much. Discophiles who enjoy Mendelssohn's Organ Sonatas are advised that all six, together with the Three Preludes and Fugues, Op 37, are excellently played by Arnold Richardson, and the recording is exemplary (**A.).

NOTE.—I owe the Robert Masters Quartet an apology for a mistake in my last Notes. This ensemble is a piano quartet and Mr. Kinloch Anderson is therefore an integral part of it, not an *ad hoc* addition. Furthermore, the pianist in the Argo recording of Walton's Violin Sonata is not, as I stated, Kinloch Anderson, but Colin Horsley.

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City Lights

Guilty Relief—Temporarily

THE political implications of Mr. Butler's emergency Budget are clear enough; the City's first reaction will be one of relief. But when that is through, the social wrongheadedness of certain of these measures will gradually sink home—first through a half-guilty realisation of where the new shoe will pinch hardest, then through the hostile attitude of organised labour, and finally through the effect on wage demands of a rise in the cost of living.

But, politics and humanity aside, how does this Budget look to the intelligent, abstract businessman, taking its main points one by one? The first reaction must inevitably be one of purely selfish relief: purchase-tax, yes, and distributed profits-tax, as expected, but both on a moderate scale. And no dividend limitation, no capital gains tax, no E.P.L., no increase in income or surtax—all of which have been suggested by nervous imaginations during the past week.

Then, generalising personal interest into the common economic good, no withdrawal of the investment allowance, no further dampening-off of hire-purchase (even if Mr. Butler, like his predecessors, has found little scope for the cuts in Government expenditure which the newspapers have unanimously and vaguely urged as a panacea). In terms of cold economics, the Chancellor has had the courage to avoid meddling with the two most important growth-points of the neo-Tory way of life.

* * *

This is all negative, all relief that the Chancellor has not done what everybody thought him worried enough and stupid enough conceivably to do. What about his positive measures, as they look in the City? Cuts in the housing subsidies will be generally welcomed, the unfair and expensive privilege of the many who enjoy them being seen more clearly than the necessity of the few; but the reduction will still be one-legged until action is taken on rent control. The request for a levelling-off in local authority expenditure will receive a similar if less well-informed welcome. But the quite unnecessary attempt to raise the cost of all projects, whatever their degree of social or economic priority (apparently for the sake of easing the task of the Bank in exerting pressure on the credit base) will be received with puzzled contempt by local authorities and the mortgage market alike, while the statement that house construction will remain at "about" the 300,000 level in 1956 "if all goes well" will be taken with an appropriate pinch of salt.

Increases in purchase-tax were generally expected, and a general rise in the schedules seemed likely after the announcement of an autumn Budget. The metal-using industries, in the general view, have asked for it. The abolition of the D-Scheme will to some extent assist the depressed textile and furniture industries. But the imposition of tax on cheap goods exempt before, both under the D-Scheme and outside it, will find few supporters. The raising of the distributed profits-tax by something over one-fifth was not unexpected; everybody in the City feels slightly ashamed of the dividend boom. A clamping down on dividend stripping will be welcomed by all (including Mr. Kaldor) except the stripper.

In immediate stock market terms, the main reaction will be one of relief. The existing tendency to distribute a smaller proportion of equity earnings will be reinforced, but the profits-tax increase will be immediately serious only for those companies which are distributing too much. There will be less interest in companies ancillary to the building industry, and an even greater tendency than before for companies to raise fresh money by means of debenture or loan stocks. The manufacturers of semi-luxury consumer goods for the home market will remain temporarily out of favour. Markets as a whole will revive for a time. But the market-man's weather-eye will remain fixed on the progress of the credit squeeze.

* * * *

The announcement of a £52m. tanker programme by British Petroleum rounds off the 1955 ordering season for the big oil and shipping companies, which during the past six or seven weeks have added more than 1¼m. tons deadweight (worth something over £120m.) to the order books of British shipbuilders. British Petroleum, through a subsidiary company, has placed orders for 23 tankers, 17 in British yards and the remaining 6 in Italy; all of them will be supertankers of 32,000 tons or more. Figures issued by the Shipbuilding Conference show that orders for all types of vessel placed in the third quarter were almost three times as great as in the whole of last year. But this sharp increase, though due mainly to tanker orders, reflected only partly the heavy programmes announced recently by P. & O., Shell, Esso, Eagle Oil and now BP. These will appear in the fourth quarter figures, and will almost certainly take the total order-book to well over 5m. gross tons—sufficient to keep the industry occupied for nearly four years at its present rate of production. Only a dozen or so firms can handle the large supertankers; but the revival in orders for small- and medium-sized tankers, coming on top of the renewed demand for dry-cargo tramps and ore-carriers, will mean continued prosperity—provided that there is no bottleneck in steel supplies—for most of the industry.

The reason for this sudden spate of tanker orders from the oil companies is straightforward. They have placed no major orders since 1951-2, and tankers ordered then will be completed within the next year or two. To keep up with their normal replacement programmes, and to meet the anticipated upsurge in world demand for oil, new orders have to be placed now. It is significant that the oil companies are more and more tending to buy supertankers, restricting their marginal chartering to the smaller type of tanker.

TAURUS

Week-end Competition

No. 1,340

Set by Naomi Lewis

Competitors are invited to compose an appropriate verse rejection slip (of any length up to 8 lines) for the use of any one contemporary periodical (daily, weekly, monthly, etc.) or for any contemporary publisher. The name of the publication or publisher must be stated; fictional names not accepted. Entries by November 8.

Result of No. 1,337

Set by Pibwob

Readers are invited to compose the Battle Song of a book borrower.

Report

I confess to being shocked. More than nine out of every ten competitors gloried in their ingenuity in evading the return of "borrowed" books. Even a member of the clergy was infected, though he contritely borrowed the pseudonym of Alberick (who, in the tenth century, came under ecclesiastical censure) for his parody of Carroll. Parody was indeed the favourite line of attack: Peacock's *War Song of Dinas Vawr* was the model for good entries by R. Hemington, D. R. Peddy and P. T. Adams; J. Lea and L. G. Udall made fine use of *John Brown's Body*, and P. M. of Kipling's *Boots*. Songs to the tune of *Men of Harlech*, by T. W. Haggitt, and *Marching Through Georgia*, by Towanbucket, also call for commendation: as do the entries of G. J. Blundell, P. G. Dennis, A. W. Dicker and W. P. B. Prize money to be divided equally between the four printed: runners-up, Alberick, E. W. Fordham, A. M. Sayers and R. A. Tracey Stoker, whose punning entry could not keep up the level of his best line, "Let not your chiding be Sterne, Strong or Wilde."

BATTLE-SONG OF A BOOK BORROWER

While John's books are profounder,
Tom's have more varied matter;
I therefore think it sounder
To carry off the latter.
I wander in to visit
For coffee at eleven,
Say, "That's a new one, is it?"
And leave with six or seven.

My promise is mere feigning:
I never do return them;
And he has stopped complaining—
I think he thinks I burn them.
Indeed, when he tried writing
To state his loss and ire,
His books themselves supplied my shelves
And his letters lit my fire.

A. L. LASKI

For middle-class morals I don't give a hoot;
A bibliophile, to my friends I'm a curse;
I plunder their bookshelves of readable loot:
Novels, the Ballet, Biography, Verse.

I visit their homes as an innocent friend,
A smile on my dial but theft in my heart;
I take all the books they are willing to lend:
Travel, Adventure, Topography, Art.

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ANOTHER RECORD YEAR

The Thirty-seventh Annual General Meeting was held on the 20th October, 1955. The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted.

	Year Ended 31-3-'55
	£
Group Trading Profit	18,856,895
Less: Depreciation, Interest paid, Interests of Outside Shareholders of Subsidiaries, etc.	1,712,416
Group Net Profit—before Taxation	17,144,480
Less: Taxation	9,634,158
Group Net Profit—*after* Taxation	£7,510,322
Appropriated as follows:	
Transfer to Reserves and increase in Profit and Loss Account balance, etc.	4,582,884
Preference Dividends, net	62,439
Ordinary Dividends, net	2,864,999
	£7,510,322
Preference Stockholders	
Issued Capital	£2,250,000
Dividend covered by net earnings after tax	120 times
Capital covered by net assets	22.4 times
Ordinary Stockholders	
Issued Capital	£8,424,358
Rate of Dividend paid on present Capital	60% p.a.
Rate earned on present Capital	154%
Group Net Assets	£64,475,556

Comparative Group Trading Profits

1951	1952	1953	1954	1955
£8,116,368	£9,954,976	£11,388,271	£15,487,741	£18,856,896

The volumes I borrow I never return.
(The duds I dispose of as saleable wares)
A seasoned campaigner, there's nothing I spurn:
Science, Psychology, Current Affairs.

I'm ruthless, piratical, hardened in crime;
Let others go bookless, I'll never run short.
My booty I'll hunt to the end of my time:
History, Mystery, Cookery, Sport.

H. A. C. EVANS

Stand to arms! The light is fading. Darkness is the time for raiding,
Noiseless marching, stealthy wading, treading turf and shunning stone.
From our fastnesses descending, out to right and left extending,
To the town of Little Lending, follow me, George Borrow's Own!

Softly, softly, creeping, creeping, through the curtained windows peeping,
While the garrison are sleeping, picking lock and lifting latch,
Predatory fingers feeling over shelves from floor to ceiling,
Then in triumph homeward stealing, burdened with the evening's catch.

Paper-back and First Edition, *Kim* and *Scott's Last Expedition*,
What's-his-name on Nuclear Fission, *Handley Cross* and *Adam Bede*,
Sophocles in verse translation, J. R. Green's *The English Nation*,
Every soldier draws his ration (which of course he needn't read).

David Copperfield or *Babbit*, Marcel Proust or *Peter Rabbit*,
Tales of poison, rope and stab, it doesn't matter what we took.
Lettice Cooper, Cather (Willa), Gilbert Murray, Andrew Spiller,
All is grist to such a miller. After all, a book's a book.

LEONARD COOPER

I am known as Dr. Jekyll, but I have a darker side,
As the kleptomaniac, bibliomaniac, book-purloining Hyde.
My better self, as Jekyll, is professionally chaste—
You'd never think, to look at me, that I was double-faced;
But when I get the urge to handle other people's books
The fingers of the surgeon change to predatory hooks!
As the kindly Dr. Jekyll I am often asked to pick
A volume that I fancy from the bookshelves of the sick;
But once within my bookcase, it is fated to reside
As a permanent addition to the library of Hyde.
It isn't that I can't afford to buy the books I read,
As the wealthy Dr. Jekyll I can purchase all I need;
But I gaze on my collection—and the devil's half of me
Whispers . . . "Such a lot of literature—and all acquired free!"

P. NICHOLSON

The Chess Board

No. 317. Three Men's Meat

Was it three other men's poison? Indeed it was, for it meant some ardent premeditation going sadly awry. It happened in the 14th round of the recent Göteborg Tournament, all at the same time, in the same room, and in the games Geller-Panno, Keres-Najdorf, and Spassky-Pilnik; and after this, let no one say that a chess tournament lacks the breathless suspense, the hair-raising thrills and the dramatic climax to be expected in a race or in a fight. For the drama's prologue we have to go back to the 12th round when Panno, defending a Sicilian against Keres, came up against the variation presently favoured by the Russian grandmasters:

(1) P-K4	P-QB4	(4) Kt x P	Kt-KB3
(2) Kt-KB3	P-Q3	(5) Kt-QB3	P-QR3
(3) P-Q4	P x P	(6) B-KKt5	P-K3

Now came the key-move (7) P-B4 which Panno (like Fuderer before him) countered with Q-Kt3, and with deplorable results: nor had Q-B2 appeared to be much more satisfactory. Now, since it so happened that the three Argentinian grandmasters were to play Black against three Russian P-K4-players in round 14, they spent the intervening day of rest in feverish analysis and burned the midnight oil for three successive nights, so as to cook up some devil's brew which even the tough Muscovites would find hard to swallow. Knowing that the Russians used to counter (7) . . . B-K2 by (8) Q-B3 the Argentinian triumvirate conjured up (8) . . . P-R3. (9) B-R4, P-KKt4. (10) P x P, KKt-Q2. And just so it happened on all three boards, giving the Russians a lot to think about. Geller was the first to move (11) Kt x P! and Keres, on his own board, went in for the same Kt-sacrifice a few minutes later; after some judicious cribbing at the other two boards Spassky followed suit, and the next few moves were also identical on all three boards: (11) . . . P x Kt. (12) Q-R5 ch, K-B1. (13) B-Kt5! At Geller's board they were still a few minutes ahead, and Panno promptly countered (13) . . . Kt-K4, for all this was still part of the analysis which now merely provided for (14) O-O ch (and an ultimate win for Black). But Geller failed to oblige; he played (14) B-Kt3! thereby utterly confounding his own opponent as well as the other two Argentinians who, being still a move or two behind, duly deviated on their 13th. But let us first see what happened to Panno.

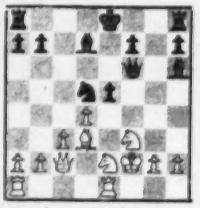
(14) B-Kt3!	B x P	(19) QR-Q1 ch	Q-Q5
(15) O-O ch	K-K2	(20) R x Q ch	P x R
(16) B x Kt	Q-Kt3 ch	(21) P-K5 ch	K-B4
(17) K-R1	QP x B	(22) Q-B7 ch	Kt-B3
(18) Q-B7 ch	K-Q3	(23) B x Kt	resigns

The other two games were identical up to the 22nd move, both Argentinians deviating from their analysis by (13) . . . K-Kt2. Here, first, is the Keres-Najdorf sequel.

(14) O-O	Kt-K4	(20) Q x Kt ch	K-Q2
(15) B-Kt3	Kt-Kt3	(21) R-B7	Kt-B3
(16) P x P ch	R x P	(22) Kt-Q5!!	R x P
(17) R-B7 ch!	K x R	(23) P-R4	Q-R1
(18) Q x R	P x B	(24) Kt x B	Kt x Kt
(19) R-B1 ch	K-K1	(25) Q-Kt5	resigns

Spassky took a little longer by (23) P-R3, Q-R1. (24) Kt x B, Kt x Kt. (25) Q-Kt5, R-R8 ch. (26) K-R2, Q-Q1. (27) Q x P ch, K-B2. (28) Q-B5 ch, K-Kt1. (29) B x P ch, K-R1. (30) B x Kt, R-R4. (31) Q-Kt4, resigns.

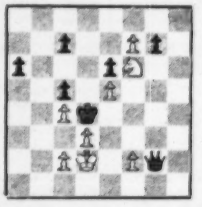
A: Friedl 1955



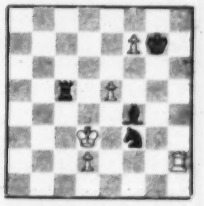
The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black forced the issue very neatly. How? **B** (a win) and **C** (a draw) may well be underrated with the customary 6 and 7 ladder-points. They are veritable beauties, both of them.

Usual prizes. Entries by November 7.

B: Leonid Kubbel 1934



C: A. O. Herbstmann & W. Korolkov 1935



REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 314. Set October 8

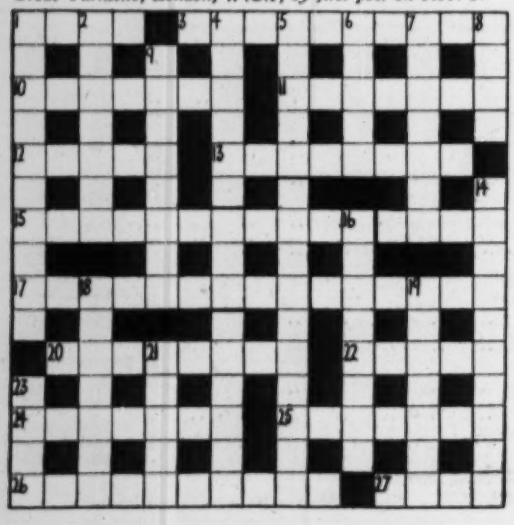
A: (1) Q-R8 ch, K-B2. (2) Kt-K5 ch, K-K2. (3) Q x P ch, B x Q. (4) R-B7 ch, K-Q3. (5) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-Q4. (6) P-B4 ch, K-K5. (7) R-K1 mate.
B: (1) B-Kt5, R-QR4. (2) B-K3, R-R8. (3) B-Kt1! etc.
if (1) . . . R x B. (2) R-KB1 ch, K-K3. (3) R-B6 ch etc.
C: (1) Q-Kt5!, K-K3 ch. (2) K-Kt1! (K-K1?), K x P. (3) Kt-B5 ch, K-B1. (4) B-R6 ch, K-Kt1. (5) Q-Kt3 ch, K-R1. (6) B-Kt7 ch, B x B. (7) Kt-Q7!, Q-Q1. (8) Q-QR8 ch, Q x Q. (9) Kt-Kt6 mate
if (1) . . . B x P. (2) Kt-B4! etc.
if (3) . . . K-Q3. (4) Q-Kt3 ch, K-K2. (5) Q-K5 ch, K-B2. (6) B-B4 ch, K-Kt3. (7) B-Q3 ch etc.

Many failed to see every subtlety of **B** and/or **C**. Even so a good many flawless solutions. Prizes shared by E. A. Barclay-Smith, J. R. Harman, M. Kaye, C. Sansom, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 176

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 176, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Nov. 8.



ACROSS

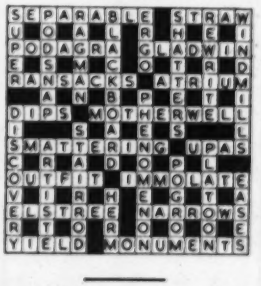
1. With her inside the fowl would turn into smoke (4).
3. Dashing fellows remaining in a Wellsian house (10).
10. Survive everyone else, but fail to carry one's bat? (7).
11. Make one turn into a particle (7).
12. Walk stiffly as a prop (5).
13. Employing suckers (8).
15. Swearing by horse-power or allegiance to a professional code? (11, 4).
17. Place in London for a University show? (9, 6).
20. A youngster may discover a niche among his seniors (3, 5).
22. Scalé which starts with C (5).
24. The Turk begins with mashed salmon (7).
25. It takes a marvel of nature to win back an artist (7).
26. Being well-known, I dine with a guest in disguise (10).
27. "Without the —— of some melodious tear" (Milton) (4).

DOWN

1. Verify calculations for an angry foreigner, by the sound of it (10).
2. Geological formation dismissed and cut short (7).
4, 23. This story has a smaller edition mounted with a cover (6, 3, 6, 4).
5. Wait assiduously on the people at the ball (5, 10).
6. "O for a beaker full of the warm ——" (Keats) (5).
7. Gallery in *For ever and a day* (7).
8. Spoke or telephoned (4).
9. The prison has a tram smash inside the entrance (8).
14. Caught Nazi overboard where king is attacked (10).
16. One gossip discovers something irritating in another (8).
18. Note on America for junior (7).
19. One could have a nice go for one's money (7).
21. An acting teacher has to learn it up (5).
23. See 4.

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 174



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 174

J. S. Hurt (Blackpool), J. S. D. Fairclough (Haileybury), J. T. Richards (Manchester, 14)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Professor of Economic History. The salary will be £A3,000 per annum, with superannuation similar to F.S.S.U. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is December 31, 1955.

LONDON County Council. Post of Special Responsibility—Deputy Headmaster, Kynaston County Secondary School for Boys, Finchley Road, N.W.8. A new secondary school for about 850 boys to be opened in September, 1956. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as deputy headmaster to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1956. Burnham (London) scale salary with special allowance of £300 a year. The School is intended to work in close association on a voluntary basis with a neighbouring voluntary controlled grammar school. Courses will be provided for pupils up to and beyond statutory school leaving age, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education with special provision for courses in engineering. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and varied teaching experience and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms EO/TS10 (Kynaston Deputy) to be obtained from and returned to the Education Officer (EO/TS10), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by November 4. Candidates who have recently applied for similar posts and who have no particulars to add may apply on form TS/10B. (1698)

B.B.C. requires Religious Broadcasting Assistant in Glasgow to assist in organisation and production of Scottish Home Service Religious Broadcasts and of Scottish contributions to other B.B.C. services from churches or studio, devotional programmes, talks, news reports and children's broadcasts. Candidates must be Ministers of Religion with congregational or parish experience, or laymen of good educational standard with thorough knowledge of Scottish Religious situation. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 1324, N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

CITY of Leeds Education Committee. Leeds College of Art. Principal: E. B. Pullee, A.R.C.A., F.S.A.E. Applications are invited for the post of Head of the School of Painting. Salary in accordance with the scales for Grade II Head of Department—viz., £1,065 × £25 – £1,215. Duties to commence at the beginning of the Summer Term 1956. Application forms (to be returned by November 11, 1955) and further particulars obtainable from the undersigned. George Taylor, Chief Education Officer, Education Department, Leeds, 1.

OXFORD University Delegacy for Social Training. The Delegacy proposes to appoint, from October 1, 1956, a tutor (man or woman) to teach English Social History since 1830. It would be an advantage if the person appointed could also teach Political or Economic History, or Social and Political Theory. There will be opportunities for research. Salary scale £650 × £50—£1,100 with membership of F.S.S.U., and children's allowance. Point of entry will depend on qualifications and experience. Applications should be submitted before December 31, 1955, to The Secretary to the Delegates, Barnett House, Wellington Square, Oxford, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

SOUTH West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board—Group 51. The Cassel Hospital for Functional Nervous Disorders, Ham Common, Richmond, Surrey. Applications are invited for the post of Clinical Psychologist at the above Hospital which is designed for the treatment of adult neurotic patients. Previous clinical experience or Post-graduate Diploma in Abnormal Psychology an advantage. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council scale for Psychologist Grade. Applications with the names of two referees to the Secretary of the above Hospital.

EAST Suffolk County Education Committee. Youth Club Leader required in January for a mixed club at Woodbridge (three evenings) and the nearby, established, village clubs at Hollesley (one evening) and Campsea Ashe (one evening). Candidates must be of good educational standard and have had previous experience of mixed club work. Preference will be given to trained leaders. Salary scale for qualified leaders: Burnham Scale for Assistant Teachers, plus allowances for graduates. Applications, with copies of two recent testimonials, should be sent to the Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Rope Walk, Ipswich, within three weeks of this advertisement. Forms of application may be obtained on request.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Leeds. Department of Social Studies. Applications are invited from candidates (preferably women) with suitable qualifications in sociology or social anthropology, and with field experience, for appointment as a Research Assistant to engage in a one-year pilot research project concerning the social and industrial structure of a textile community in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Knowledge of statistical techniques would be an advantage but is not essential. Salary will be in the range £700-£900. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further partics. may be obtained), by Nov. 14, 1955.

CIVIL Service Commission. Competitions will be held in 1956 for the following:—Administrative Class of the Home Civil Service and Administrative Class of the Northern Ireland Civil Service (Methods I and II). At least one House of Commons Clerkship will be filled through the Administrative Class competition. Code No. 11/56. Senior Branch of the Foreign Service (Method II only). Code No. 12/56. Special Departmental Classes (Home Civil Service), i.e., H.M. Inspectors of Taxes; Cadet Grade, Ministry of Labour and National Service; Probationary Assistant Postal Controllers in the Post Office; and Grade III officers, Ministry of Defence (Methods I and II). Code No. 17-20/56. Statistician Class (Home Civil Service) (Method I only). Code No. 21/56. Executive Class (Home Civil Service) and Branch B of the Foreign Service (Method I only) for university graduates. Code No. 22/56. Methods of Selection. Method I consists of a written examination in university honours degree subjects plus a preliminary and a final interview; Method II of a short written examination in general subjects followed for selected candidates by tests at the Civil Service Selection Board and interview before the Final Selection Board. When two methods are provided, candidates may choose either or both. Candidates for Method II must have, or obtain in 1956, a degree at a recognised university; the degree required for the Administrative Class and Senior Branch of the Foreign Service competitions is 1st or 2nd class honours. Age Limits: At least 20½ and under 24 on August 1, 1956, with extension for service in H.M. Forces. In addition, for Statistician Class (21/56), extension up to three years for approved post-graduate experience. For particulars (including prospects of promotion) and application forms write (preferably by postcard) to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting the code number(s) of the competition(s) in which you are interested. Completed applic. forms for entry by Method II must be returned by Nov. 30, 1955, and for Method I by Feb. 29, 1956.

ASSISTANT Economist required by Colonial Office. Duties: review of economic trends and progress. Economic analysis of Colonial Development plans, Economic intelligence, Research studies. Provide advice and assistance in economic field to other departments of Colonial Office. Qualifications: University degree in Economics. Some post graduate experience desirable. Salary scale £470 × £30 – £680 × £35 – £855 p.a. plus pay supplement £22 10s.-£30 p.a. plus 8 per cent if 45½ hours per week regularly maintained. Post is temporary and non-pensionable. Write giving date of birth, education, full details of qualifications and experience of posts held (including dates) to AC.1218, London Appointments Officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6 Tavistock Square, W.C.1, by November 12, 1955. No original testimonials should be sent. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

CAREERS in Commerce. Traineeships in buying with prospects of progressive advancement for applicants of the right calibre are offered by a leading Manchester firm of West African merchants. The firm buys large quantities of a wide variety of goods for the rapidly expanding West African trade and sells these through its trading stations. Training includes 12-18 months in the Manchester Head Office and a subsequent period of similar duration in West Africa. While at Head Office the trainee is given practical experience under senior buyers and is released for part-time study of technical aspects of the goods in which he specialises. In West Africa he receives experience on the selling side. On return to Manchester he is based on the Head Office as a buyer, travelling for short periods as the occasion arises to suppliers in various parts of the world and to West Africa. He will be expected to gain an intimate understanding of certain world markets and to anticipate consumption trends. The traineeship can be the start of an unusually interesting career with a large and growing organisation which can offer good opportunities for promotion, security and a pension on retirement. Candidates should be not more than 25 years old and have completed their National Service. A university degree is an advantage, though not essential. Starting salaries will be between £500 and £550 per annum, depending on age and experience or slightly higher for trainees with exceptional qualifications. Write for application forms to Box 668.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT cont'd. on p. 558

The Derbyshire wagon tippler—

and the 17 ounce Apollo

Of this strangely assorted pair, one is part of a big mechanical conveyor plant at a power station, tipping coal into hoppers at 1,400 tons an hour: the other is an aluminium tubular billiard cue. But there is a connection, for both are made by different companies in the seven Divisions of Tube Investments.

The link between many necessities of industrial and everyday life—from rolling mills to bicycles, pressure vessels to electric cookers — is symbolized in TI, for each Division makes many products.

The TI Steel Tube Division, for instance, is the world's largest producer of precision and specialised tubes. It makes pressure and mechanical steel tubes, both seamless and electric resistant welded; tubes with diameters of over 3 feet to one thousandth of an inch, and it manipulates and assembles them into complete components and parts to customer's specification. TI also produces tubes in aluminium, plastics, titanium and other uncommon metals. When the demand arose in the peaceful uses of atomic energy for tubes in uranium, zirconium, thorium, beryllium . . . TI developed special fabrication techniques and needs were quickly met.

That is one among the seven TI Divisions which serve the world: **Steel Tube Division; Engineering Division; Electrical Division; Aluminium Division; Steel Division; Cycle Division; General Division.**

Tube Investments Limited

The Adelphi, London, W.C.2. Trafalgar 5633

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CENTRAL Electricity Authority require two Assistant District Joint Advisory Council Secretaries, in Bristol and Birmingham. The advisory councils are the joint consultative bodies concerned with maintaining and developing good human relations and promoting efficiency in the industry. Applicants should have knowledge of industrial relations, particularly those aspects related to safety, health, welfare, education and training and productivity. Those appointed will be responsible to the D.J.A.C. Secretaries for matters of joint consultation coming within the scope of the advisory councils and committees. Salaries, N.J.C. Grade 7. £870-£960 p.a. Applications stating age and giving details of qualifications and experience should be forwarded to D. Moffat, Director of Establishments, Winsley Street, W.1, not later than November 11, 1955. Quote Ref: AE/683.

THE National Association for Mental Health. Duncroft Approved School for Senior Girls, Staines, Middlesex. Applications are invited for the following resident posts at Duncroft and at Edgeworth House. 1. Domestic Science Trained Instructress (between the ages of 25 and 40 years). 2. General Assistant Instructress (25-35 years). Application forms and further information may be obtained from The Headmistress, Duncroft, Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex.

SECRETARY Shorthand Typist (unmarried) required for educational departments. Permanent, pensionable, generous holidays, School Certificate or equivalent. Good typing essential. Present salary scale: £6 15s. at age 22, £7 15s. at 25, £8 15s. at 28, rising eventually to £12. Apply by letter with full particulars of experience to the Secretary, Northampton Polytechnic, St. John St., London, E.C.1. (Near Angel Station.)

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Appointment of Child Care Officer. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for the full-time post of Child Care Officer on the Staff of the Children's Officer. Salary in accordance with Grade II of the National Joint Council's Scales for Local Authorities' A.P.T. and Clerical Services, i.e. £560 × £20 – £640. The post offers valuable experience in all aspects of work for children deprived of a normal home life, including Court work, adoptions, preventive work and boarding-out in the City of Leicester and the surrounding County. The appointment will be subject to the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and to medical examination. Application forms may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester. Closing date November 12, 1955. G. C. Ogden, Town Clerk.

THE London County Council Children's Department are seeking a married couple to act as warden and matron of a home for 23 deprived girls (aged 11 to 15) who have shown themselves to be of unstable character and who present behaviour problems of considerable difficulty. The duties attached to these posts are onerous and exacting, calling for a high degree of patience, tact and understanding and applicants must have had comparable experience with adolescent girls. The matron will be responsible, in addition to her Child Care duties, for the domestic management of the home. A recognised qualification or training in mental health would be an advantage. Salary: £540 × £20 5s.—£641 5s. and £486 × £13 10s.—£553 10s. respectively less, in each case, a charge for board, etc. Further details and applic. form (s.a.e.) from Children's Officer (CH/A2/1659), L.C.C., County Hall, S.E.1.

CORPORATION of the City of Aberdeen: Education Committee. Teachers of Speech and Drama. Applications are invited from men and women possessing suitable qualifications for two posts as peripatetic Teachers of Speech and Drama. The posts are superannuable and the successful candidates will require to pass a medical examination. The salary scale for males £520 rising by annual increments of £15 to £820 per annum, and for females £407, rising by annual increments of £15 to £572 per annum. The scales will be subject to review in the light of the Teachers' Salaries (Scotland) (Amendment No. 2) Regulations, 1955. Placings on these scales will be granted in respect of previous experience, etc. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Director of Education, City Education Offices, Castle Street, Aberdeen, with whom the completed applications, together with copies of two recent testimonials, should be lodged on or before Saturday, November 12, 1955. J. C. Rennie, Town Clerk, Town House, Aberdeen.

FAMILY Welfare Association have a vacancy in London for a senior case worker who must possess a degree or diploma in Social Studies of a recognised University and have had recent experience in family case work. Salary from £470 p.a. according to experience. Vacancies also exist for junior case workers who must hold a degree or diploma in Social Studies of a recognised University; preference is given to those aged 23 or over. One year's training under supervision during which a maintenance allowance is paid. Salary on appointment £375 p.a. × £25 to £450. Superannuation compulsory. Apply in writing to the Organising Secretary, F.W.A., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

CLERKS (up to 40) of good education reqd. for numerous attract. posts frequently avail. at Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WAR Office. Librarian Grade IV at the Royal Military College of Science, Shrivenham. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for this pensionable post. Age at least 22 on October 1, 1955. Candidates must be Fellows or Associates of the Library Association or hold the Diploma of the London University School of Librarianship. Experience of library work essential. Scientific or engineering background, and working knowledge of at least one foreign language, in particular German, preferred. Salary scales for 45½-hour week: (men) £446—£855; (women) £441—£738, but being improved under equal pay scheme. Starting pay according to age up to £523 (men) or £505 (women) at age 25 or over. Promotion prospects. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4516/55. Application forms to be returned by December 1, 1955.

HERTFORDSHIRE Education Committee. Domestic Bursar required Easter or earlier for Women's Training College of about 60 students. I.M.A. Diploma or other recognised qualification desirable. Present salary of £285 + £25 to £360, with free emoluments, now under review. Interesting post for someone who enjoys country life near towns and London. Further particulars on request. Apply by letter, enclosing copies of testimonials and names and addresses of referees, to The Principal, Offley Training College, near Hitchin, Herts.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Full-time Leader (male or female) trained and/or experienced, required at Lower Feltham Youth Club. Estab. club with varied programme, membership (mixed) about 85, and own premises. Salary Misc. III (£450 × £15 – £495 × £20 – £515 p.a. if 26 years or over). Established subject to medical assessment and prescribed conditions. Application forms (stamped add. f'scap env.) from Divisional Education Officer, Educ. Office, Kenilworth Rd., Ashford, Middx., returnable by November 11. (Quote R.566, N.S.N.) Canvassing disqualifies.

FAMILY Service Units is already working in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, York, Bradford, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield and London and is being pressed to extend its intensive work with Problem Families to many other parts of the country. Social workers interested in participating in this development can obtain details of salaries, qualifications, training, etc., from 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

NATIONAL Union of Students require experienced administrator to take charge of Vacation Work Department, including organisation of summer farm camps; commencing salary £600/£650. Full details and application form from: Gen. Sec., 3 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1.

SECRETARY/shorthand-typist to Personnel Manager, must be interested and preferably experienced in Personnel work. Salary £8 per week. East Acton district Central Line underground. Applications treated confidentially and acknowledged. Write Box T. 502, c/o Streets, 110 Old Broad Street, E.C.2.

TRAVEL Service requires for London office alert, adaptable young woman with good English educational background and some Continental travel experience. Eng. sh./typing essential. Ger. advantage. Vacancies also for junior shorthand-typist, clerical staff and office junior. Box 755.

FABIAN Society requires Secretary/Shorthand-typist, £6 12s. 6d. p.w. plus increments. 5-day week, 4 weeks' paid holiday. Interesting work. Apply in writing to General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

NOT so young and even undeniably elderly applicants (m. & f.) nevertheless do find work through the Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

ACCLAIMED for over 75 years for personal co-operation! Incomparable selection from thousands superior male/female permanent office staff posts. Temporary posts! Highest fees in London, continual work. Best firms. Ellison Gower Employment Specialists, 147 Oxford St. Per. Dept. GER. 3551/2. Temp. Dept. GER. 9451/2.

HOUSEKEEPER (resident) some cooking, required for Settlement (14 residents); opportunities available for interested person to take part in the Social work done by the Settlement. Salary £300 less £100 emoluments. Apply to Warden, Settlement House, 4 Cumberland Road, E.13.

MOTHER'S Help for widow (prof. musician), 2 boys at day school, congenial household conv. locality. Mrs. Lindley, 79 Boileau Rd., W.5. PER. 4318.

PROFESSIONAL couple but all day require Nanny/Help. Three boys, 2 day school, baby 10 months. Full charge, a little cooking. Informal household. Small riverside house, central heating, convenient Cent. Lond. Real understanding of children essential. Hafter, 49 Church St., Isleworth.

TWO professional couples, out all day, have converted Georgian house at Bromley into two dwellings. Somebody with initiative, imagination and experience is required to look after their three children during the day (ages: 3½, 1½ and 3 months). Own bed-sitting, large garden. Time off and salary by mutual arrangement. Telephone FINchley 1446 evenings only.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CHILD Welfare Officers. London County Council requires qualified and experienced men and women for engagement as vacancies occur. Salary: £573 15s. rising to £742 10s. Duties include receiving into care, rehabilitation, boarding-out, adoption supervision, after-care and other field-work associated with deprived children. Details and application forms (s.a.e. (f'scap)) from Children's Officer (CH/A1), County Hall, London, S.E.1. Closing date November 19. (1593.)

THE Nature Conservancy require Supervisor (over 24) for small typing pool. Starting salary £8 at 25. Applications to Establishment Officer, The Nature Conservancy, 19 Belgrave Square, London, S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

M.A. in English (N.Z.), 37, wide literary artistic interests, seeks interesting job London area, temp./perm. Box 761.

GIRL, 28, trained Art teacher, fluent French, Italian, some typing, seeks position London. (No teaching.) Box 639.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

HIGHGATE Wds. 2-room flat, bed-sit., kit.-bath., well furn. & equip. Use frig. 3gns. wkly. One person only. MOU. 5196.

LARGE part-furn. rm., Hammersmith. Ckg. fac., el., clng., share bth. £2. Box 714.

HIGHGATE: Lux. divan-rms., close buses and tube. New contemp. furn., concealed ckr., use k., b., 'phone. 63s. MOU. 9610.

HAMPSTEAD. Single balcony rm., overl. garden. Ckg. facs., washbas., H. & C. Use bath, 'phone. Good-class acc. in author's house, nr. buses. 'Phone HAM 7428.

FURN. bed-sit. room with h. & c., cooking facilities. 'Phone Fitzroy 0773.

NEWLY dec. well-furn. B/S., Architect's hse., N.1. Elec. grill, lin., cleaning, etc., 2 mins. Canonbury Tower. 3gns. Box 703.

N.1. Bed-sit., 65s. partial board. Graduate hsehold. Box 660.

LARGE unusual room for prof. person. All household facs. incl. daily service. £2 7s. 6d. S. Hampstead. Refs. Box 750.

FLATLET, well-furn., freshly dec., own meter, cooking facs. Suit 2 business people. BIS. 7120; after 6.30, HIT. 3564.

NOMINAL rent suitable tenant. Winter months, cottage, Westerham, all services, garden. Box 751.

SHARING s.c. flat, small room available mid Nov., £2 5s. p.w. BAY. 2809.

ONE-room flatlet near Westbourne Grove. Well furnished: Dunlopillo, sink, Ascot. 3rd floor. One lady only. 2gns. Box 775.

COMF. newly-dec. rm. in prof. woman's flat. Sh. K., B., tel. Conv. W/E. Rent reduc. if away w/ends. RIV. 8309. Box 773.

DOUBLE bedroom to let, with use of kitchen, bath and telephone. GLA. 8254.

INDIAN, m., seeks accom., with meals i.p. Woking or near. Box 678.

ARCHITECT & wife req. furn. flatlet, Hampstead/Chelsea/Kensington. Box 764

QUIET, prof. couple require furn. flat N. London. Mod. rent essen. Box 656.

W.E.A. lecturer, male, 30, wants share flat or room in congenial household. Needs peace to work but not present isolation. N.W. Kent or S.E. suburbs. Box 675.

YOUNG prof. woman requires semi-furn. accom. Hampstead area. PRI. 2016.

FURN. flatlet, newly decorated, overlooking garden. 'Phone FITzroy 0773.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE AND WANTED

SUPERIOR redecorated office building close Cavendish Sq., W.1, for sale to prof. firm, institution or society. Floor space of nearly 3,000 sq. ft. plus s/c maisonette over. Very long lease. £19,500. Box 648.

INCOME meets outgo. Mble. Arch. 2 maisonettes. Upper well let furn., lower vac. unfurn. 4 rms., k., b., gdn. 10 yrs. £1,190, inc. upper furniture. AMB. 0527.

FATHER builder, daughter budding architect, seek cottage 30-50 miles Hammersmith for family friends, week-ends now, comforting old age later. Dilapidation or lack of amenities professionally considered. Box 685.

BUILDING plot, approx. 1/3rd acre wanted. Suitable erection detached house. Not exceeding 25 miles South London, nr. railway or public transport. Write Box 596.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

BACHELOR flat, well/semi-furn., kit., c.h.w., 2-way heating. Suit prof. person. RICHmond 0396, mornings.

ASCOT. Unfurn. flat, 2nd flr., s/c. 4 rms., K. & B., gdn., gar., £160 p.a. Box 740.

HIGHGATE: Barrister's wife wishes to let her well-furn. flat to careful tenants for min. 1 year. 4 rooms, large kit., bathrm., clkrm., tel., gdn. 8gns. Box 654.

PROPERTIES TO LET & WANTED—cont'd

WANTED F. flat 2 b., s.r., kit., bath, tel. Hampstead, St. John's Wd., Chelsea dist. Dec. 1-Mar. 31. State rent to Box 653.

TWO Oxford grads. (f.) want furn. flat, central or S.W., mod. rent. Write 24 Sandy Lodge Way, Northwood, Middx./tel. Northwood 2827 Sun./wk-day after 6.

TEACHER and her mother seek part-unfurn. S/C. flat London. Write 66 West St., Corseinon, Swansea.

AMERICAN Professor, wife and daughter, want furn. flat or hse., London, 7 wks. fr. early Dec. Pref. c.h. & few stairs. Serv. unnec. SPE. 1457, 1 Rodborough Rd. N.W.11.

MIDWIFE (coloured) reqs. flat/flatlet in Hampstead. Furn./unfurn. Box 278.

WHERE TO STAY

A LOVELY Home, amid kindly guests, & in "Britain's Best Climate," for your Winter Holiday, Rest or Convalescence. Enjoy the warmth & comfort of this small, friendly & well-apptd. hotel in noted Sth. Coast resort. 4½/7gns. wkly., incl. full board, early tea, fresh fruit, gratuities, htd. bedroom (cen. htg. everywhere). Vegetarian if desired. Bkfst. in bed (nominal charge). Rec. by readers. Opp. covrd. walk; nr. warm Sun-Lounge. Illus. brochures. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front Gdns., Putting Green, Garages, Superlative food. 7½gns. wkly. Xmas 9½gns.

QUAKER Guest House, Jordans, Beaconsfield. You can find warmth, peace, quiet here. Not restricted to Quakers.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126. Book now for Xmas.

IF you have been ill try Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Excellent food, bracing air and cheerfully, friendly atmosphere. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Old Norton House on the old-world Green of this famous seaside village. Sea, cliffs, downs. Hotel with friendly atmosphere, sunny rooms, first-rate food. C.H. 7½ & 8gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Proprietor: D. Chapman, M.P.

IDEAL for late Autumn holidays, "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers good food, comf., warmth, delightful surroundings.

CONVALESCENT Nursing Home. Honeywood House, Rowhook, Horsham, Sussex (Oakwood Hill 389). Specialising in Diets. Beautiful country residence. Excel. cuisine.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accommodation in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

EDINBURGH. Accommodation assured or secured. All seasons. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. 'Phone: 31905.

SCHOOLS

BOARDING School for boys and girls from four years. Happy surroundings. Recognised as efficient by the Ministry of Education. Thanet House School, Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Co-education 3 to 18. Full or weekly boarding and day school. Headmaster, James Cunningham East, M.A.

KING Alfred School (F 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

PINEWOOD. The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter (Hele 390), for children 4 to 11, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Elizabeth Strachan.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principals: Carl & Eleanor Urban.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11 & 12 Clifford St. W.1. REGent 2803. Founded 1901.

ST. Nicholas School, 39, Albyn Place, Aberdeen, for boys and girls of 4 to 14. Day pupils and weekly boarders. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

WHITTON Dene House (Twickenham-Isleworth area). Nursery-Infant School (3-8 yrs.). Recog. by Froebel Foundation & Min. of Educ. Open-air life in acre gdn. & orchard. Buses 33 & 203. HOU. 4430.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 560

EVENING Classes: drawing & painting in large studio at the Byam Shaw School, Campden St., Kensington, W.8 (PARk 4711). Tues. & Wed., 7-9.30, individ. lessons from models, still-life, flowers, etc.: Thurs., 7.30-9.30, practice sessions from the model without tuition. Students may join at any time.

EQUALITY of Opportunity—one year residential course in liberal subjects for women (20-50) who missed their chances in education and wish to continue their studies for personal satisfaction or as an opening to a new career. Grants available: no examinations. Details from: Secretary (S), Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey.

READING Efficiency Courses for business executives, research workers, civil servants. Particulars from North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., London, N.W.5.

LONDON University and other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for General Certificate of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), Inter. & Final Exams. for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Soc., LL.B., and Diplomas, G.C.E. (all Levels, all other Examining Bodies), Law. Prosp. from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

POSTAL tuition for G.C.E.; Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A. LL.D., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

TYPEWRITING. Touch-typing in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton: FLA 7967.

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Day and resident students. Canteen.

SHORTHAND-typing, courses, mornings, beg. Jan. 1956. N.-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5. GUL. 1154.

KRISHNAMURTI. If you would like to "follow up" your experience with Krishnamurti by experiencing in relationship with others who are moved by the same interest, you are invited to write to the Sec., Y.P.S. School, 6 Cadogan Gdns., S.W.3.

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginrs. crse., all ages. Brochure, Spanish Centre, 36 Cranbourn Street, W.C.2. COV. 0754.

ACCOMPLISHED pianist and linguist (French, Russian, German, English), who accompanies singers and trains them to sing arias or songs in their respective languages, has a few vacancies. Box 645.

SCHOLARSHIPS

A MENDELSSOHN Scholarship of £250 for Musical Composition will be offered in 1956. Age limit 30. Entries close Feb. 29, 1956. Partics. from the Hon. Sec., J. R. Stainer, Redcote, 58 Port Hill, Shrewsbury.

SIDCOT School, Winscombe, Somerset. (Co-educational boarding school, under Quaker management). One Entrance Scholarship £50 per annum, open to boys age 11 to 13½ on December 1, 1956; for entry September, 1956. Awarded on examination to be held in March. Full details from Headmaster.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

MILDRED Furst. 7 years' experience. Theses, scientific and "difficult" work a speciality. Typing and Duplicating executed personally or "expressed" by arrangement. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, N.W.6. MAI. 7479.

FAULTLESS Typing for the discriminating writer. Highly recommended by Famous Authors. Novels, Plays, Poetry, etc. Editing by expd. writer. Dorothy Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

EXPERT Dupg./Typing. Theses, MSS, Plays. Miss Stone, 446 Strand. TEM. 5984.

MRS. Archer for MSS. Secretarial/Duplctg. 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. TEM. Bar 5230.

DUPLICATING, Typing, MSS., Reports, etc. Daleys, 2 Grays Inn Rd. HOL. 5157.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating, circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting by expert freelance. BAY. 1786.

MABEL Eyles Duplicating and Secretarial Agency, 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19 (ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701). First-class typing/duplicating/verbatim reporting.

DUPLICATING; as clear and attractive as print; and of course we type anything expertly. Speedy, inexpensive. The Hampstead Secretarial Bureau, 2a Downshire Hill, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service, 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

MISCELLANEOUS

UNRIVALLED opportunity to make meals tastier. Serve Rayner's delicious Indian Mango Chutney. From all good grocers.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500, Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recording. Small Hall & Committee Rooms also available. Apply Sec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.

LECTURE Rooms and Small Theatre. Avail day/evg. Reas. charges. Apply British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Sq., W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith and practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

THE Pegasus Theatre Society invites playwrights to submit new plays with a view to production. Address: Flat 1, 28, Warrington Crescent, W.9.

"SE comprendre c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

WHAT now for "Labour After Margate"? A brilliant study of new trends by R. Palme Dutt in the November Labour Monthly. Also articles on "Automation and Socialism," the Soviet Union's peace policy, Ivor Montagu on developments amongst colonial peoples, and further Unpublished Letters by Engels. Order 1s. 6d. all newsagents. Or 9s. for half-year's postal subscription from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

ASK your bookseller for the November "Books of the Month." The most distinguished critics in the English-speaking world write on new books of history, sport, science, aviation, biography, theatre, music, cinema, ballet and other arts. Contributors to the November issue include Air Chief Marshal Sir Ralph Cochrane, Sir Charles Petrie, Naomi Lewis, Bruce Marshall, Gabriel Fallon, and Colm Brogan. If your bookseller is out of stock ask him to order. Or write direct to "Books of the Month," 188 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

EDUCATIONAL Psychology in U.S.S.R. Brian Simon, M.A. Soviet Education Information Bulletin, Vol. 2, No. 4, 1s. 6d., post free 1s. 9d., from S.C.R., 14, Kensington Sq., London, W.8, or bookshops.

DISAPPEARING Day Nurseries; Price of Bacon; Engineers' Wage Claim. "Labour Research," 9d, 2 Soho Square, W.1.

"LOOK and Listen," the independent journal devoted to all aspects of audio-visual education, is now under new editorship and management. Voucher copy gladly sent on request to the publishers, 62 Doughty Street, London, W.C.1.

FOR Sale: Encyclopædia Britannica (25 volumes), brand-new as received (1952), £100 or offer. Ring GLAdstone 9212.

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BOOKS, 2nd hand, posted. Write for lists: Silverdale, 47 Bank Street, Glasgow.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

WE buy libraries of any description; particularly on Left movements & Russia. The Hammersmith Bkshop., W.6. RIV. 6807.

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SERIOUS Books on Philosophy, Oriental Philosophy, History, Occultism, Theology wanted secondhand. Send lists with dates of publication to Armstrong & Groeber, 133 North End Rd., London, N.W.11.

PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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ANGLICAN Group for the Ordination of Women to the historic Ministry of the Church. For information please write to Hon. Secretary, St. Ives, East Grinstead, Sx.

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NATIONAL Parks Christmas Cards. Send one shilling P.O. and large stamped addressed envelope for samples of high-class photogravure cards to R.A. Services, 48 Park Road, N.W.1.

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PERSONAL—continued

FILM Training Unit. Full prof. training. Group Two now forming. Heatherleys, 33 Warwick Square, S.W.1. VIC. 6077.

AU PAIR post wanted. University graduate, light hswk. or teaching. French, Ital., also trans., secr. work. Box 733.

ANNIVERSARY Week-end, "The Science of Social Progress," Nov. 18, at Brasiers, Ipsden, Oxon; also exhibitions (painting, pottery, crafts, archæology, etc.).

WINTER Sports Enthusiasts will get new ideas for an inexpensive ski-ing holiday at our Winter Sports Film Show and Party, November 3, at Royal Empire Society (see "Entertainments" column). Full details of this and our Winter Sports arrangements from Erna Low Travel Service, 47 Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

WINTER-Sports for Parents with young children. Leave your children with a trained Infant Teacher while you ski. Special party for parents and children leaves for Zermatt, January 1. Details from C.T.C., 357 Strand, London, W.C.2. COV. 2021. Christmas at Klosters. 12 days' holiday £26, incl. sleeper travel. Details from above.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury, Canonbury Tower, Canonbury Place, Islington, N.1. CAN. 5111. Tavistock Rep. Co. presents "The Living Room," by Graham Greene. Fri., Oct. 28, Sat. 29, Sun. 30 (mems. only), Thurs., Nov. 3, Fri. 4, Sat. 5 at 7.30. Next production "The Petrified Forest," by Robert Sherwood, opens Fri., Nov. 11.

TH. Royal, Stratford, E.15. Next Tues. "The Good Soldier Schweik" Tues.-Fri., 7.45. Sats. 5.30 & 8.30. MAR. 5973.

NEW Lindsey, BAY. 2512. 8 p.m. (ex. Mon.), Sunday 5 & 8. "The Short Spring," a new comedy by Toni Block. Mems.

OPERA Circle. Mozart's "L'Oca del Cairo" intro. by Robert Elkin with City Opera Club, at 8 p.m., 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1, Sun., Nov. 6. Partics.: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

"DON Juan" at King's Cross. The Green Circle opens the St. Pancras Drama Festival at 7.30 on Guy Fawkes' night with a perf. of the Hell Scene from Shaw's 'Man & Superman.'" At Central Mission, Crestfield St., W.C.1. Tkts. 2s. 6d. fr. Town Hall.

O.S.O.S. Presents "The Yeomen of the Guard" (G. & S.) at Toynbee Hall Theatre, E.1, on Nov. 2, 3, 5. Tickets from 3s. 6d. (LAR. 2970) or at door Sat., Nov. 12, Dance, same place. 4s. All welcome.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Gorki Trilogy Entire. Until Oct. 30: Part 2: "My Apprenticeship" (U). From Oct. 31: Part 3: "My Universities" (U).

ROXY Rep. Cinema, BAY. 2345. Oct. 30: Raimu, "La Femme du Boulanger" (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232, Sat. Oct. 29. Robert Walker, Farley Granger in "Strangers on a Train" (A). Dir.: Alfred Hitchcock. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

UNITY: "The Road to Life," by Anton Makarenko. Fri., Sat., Sun., at 7.45. Membership 2s. 6d. a year. EUS. 5391.

WINTER Sports Film Show & Party, November 3, 6 p.m., Royal Empire Society, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.2 (entrance Craven St.). Come & get new ideas for your Winter Sports Holiday. Entrance to Film Show free. Tickets for buffet 6s. from Erna Low Travel Service, 47(NSF) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

DANCE-Reunion, International Friendship League. Imperial Hotel, W.C.1. Saturday, October 29, 7.30-11.30 p.m. Bar.

GAY Fawkes Dance. Hampstead I.F.L., Rosslyn Hall, Willoughby Rd., off Ham. High St., N.W.3. Tckts. 3s. 7.30-11 p.m.

GRAND Dance. Don Raine Young Trio. Members' Bar, etc. Sat., Nov. 5, 8-11. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 3s. 6d.

LA Cage, Licensed Club. Dancing week-ends. Open daily. Mems. now invited. 137 Finchley Road, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3.

THIS advert. deserves a good glance. It refers to the Fabian dance. Remember, remember the 5th of November. Make a note & don't leave it to chance. 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. 8-11.30. Adm. 3s. 6d.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Dancing to Dave De Vere Group, Sat., Oct. 29, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sun, Oct. 30, at 3 p.m. Smetana Quartet—the Chamber Music Ensemble of the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. Quartets in F, Op. 18, No. 1 Beethoven; No. 2, Janacek; in E minor, Smetana. WAT. 3191 & Agts.

LONDON Bach Group Schütz-Britten St. James', Piccadilly. Nov. 2 at 8 p.m.

THE following free concerts will be held at the Horniman Museum, London Rd., Forest Hill, S.E.23, on Wednesday evenings at 7.45 p.m. November 2: Trinidad Steel Drums and their Music, by the Trinidad Steel Band, led by Theodore Stephens. November 9: Dances and Music of the 16th Century. A talk, with demonstrations in costume, on some early dances of England, France and Italy, on which present-day ballet forms are based. Nathalie Dolmetsch. Music directed by Carl Dolmetsch, C.B.E. November 16: Classical Indian Music, vocal and instrumental, arranged by Mrs. S. Warran. Three Dances from Manipur, Vasanti Asirvatham Selver. November 23: Wood-wind Music of the 18th and Early 19th Centuries on Instruments of the Period, James MacGillivray, oboe and clarinet; Richard Tayler, recorder and flute; Alan Cave, bassoon; Joan Rimmer, Harpsichord and piano. November 30: Wood-wind Music of the late 19th and 20th Centuries, Aubrey Johnson, oboe; Peter Allen, clarinet; Val Kennedy, bassoon; Leonard Rafter, piano. Seats may be reserved at any of these concerts on application to the curator. (1329.)

ST. PANCRAS Arts Festival 1955. St. Pancras Town Hall, this Sunday, Oct. 30, at 8. The Public Libraries Committee present "An Evening of American Poetry and Music." Sam Wanamaker, Constance Cummings, Guy Kingsley-Poynter, Terence Beckles (piano). Programme introduced and arranged by W. S. Merwin. Admission free by ticket from Town Hall & Public Libraries in St. Pancras

CONCERTS—continued

ROYAL Festival Hall. Wed., Nov. 2, at 5.45. Bedrich Janacek—Organ Recital. Wks. Bruhns, Bach, Hindemith, Thyrestam, Klicka, Dupré. 3s. 6d. WAT. 3191.

ROBERT Masters Piano Trio. Beethoven programme. Op. 70, No. 1; Op. 121a; Op. 97 (Archduke). Royal Festival Hall Recital Rm., Sat., Nov. 5, 8.15 (WAT. 3191).

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

EXHIBITION of recent publications from many countries on Archaeology & Oriental Studies. Thursday, Nov. 3 to Wednesday, Nov. 30 at Collet's Exhibition Room, 45 Museum Street, London, W.C.1. Weekdays 11 a.m.-6 p.m. Sats. 11 a.m.-4 p.m.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Michael Ayrton: an exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculpture, book illustration and stage design, 1944-1955. Last three days. Friday and Saturday 11-6. Sunday 2-6. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

STEUBEN Glass Exhibition Designs by Epstein, Sutherland, Dobson, Piper, Matisse, Cocteau, etc. Park Lane House (facing Dorchester Hotel entrance). Wkdays., 10-7, Sun., 1-7.

THE Renel Gallery, Burlington Arcade. Pastels by Helen Wilson. Oct. 11-29.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Sculpture by Michael Werner. Drawings by Maréchal. 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

IMPERIAL Institute, S.W.7. The Antarctic Year. Paintings by Roger Banks. Until Nov. 9. Mon. to Fri., 10-4.30. Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2.30-6. Admission free.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings & drawings by Austin Osman Spare. Till Nov. 26. Tues.-Sat., 10-5. Sun. 2-5.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Ruszkowski: Venetian Paintings; Hayden: 1st English Exhibition.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. The Henry Moore, Merlyn Evans and Denis Mathews Exhibitions. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. Frank Avray Wilson, Recent Paintings. Until Nov. 17. Open 11-6, inc. Sats.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Romantic Landscapes by James Bailey; Recent Landscapes by William Henderson; Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Nov. 26.

OHANA Gallery, 13 Carlos Place, Grosvenor Square, W.1. Exhibition of recent works by Jane Lane; also French Impressionists. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St. Renaissance & Baroque Bozzetti, Oil Sketches from Italy, France and Germany. 10-5, Sat. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Sculpture by Germaine Richier. Until November 5.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Friday. Adm. Free.

ZWEMMER Gall., 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Rec. Pntgs., Julian Trevelyan, Kathleen Allen. Oct. 18-Nov. 9. 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Francois Desnoyer—First major London Exhibition. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Eight Painters. Until November 5. Mon.-Fri., 10.30-6. Sat. 10.30-1. Admission 6d.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. John Forrester — Constructions. John Levee—Paintings.

BOHEMIAN Glass, Tea Centre, 22 Regent St. 10-6, Sun. 2.30-6. Adm. Free.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London: The Stamp Memorial Lecture, entitled "The Present Position of Central Banks," will be given by Sir Theodore Gregory at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1, on Monday, October 31, at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: The Meteorological Office Centenary Lecture, entitled "Retrospect & Prospect in Meteorology," will be given by Sir David Brunt at 5.30 p.m. on Nov. 2 at Univ. of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Adm. free, without ticket.

CHRISTIAN Action Meeting for Clergy, Church House, Westminster, 11 a.m., Wed., November 2. Forum on Capital Punishment. Speakers: The Rev. Alan Balding, Mr. Frank Byers, Father John Murray, S.J., The Bishop of Stepney.

"THE National Health Service, How Can It Be Defended, Improved and Extended?" The Rt. Hon. Aneurin Bevan, M.P., Dr. Horace Joules, Dr. S. Leff. Chair: Dr. David Stark Murray. Conference 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. Saturday, October 29, Battersea Town Hall, London, S.W.11. Tkts. 2s. 6d. Socialist Medical Assocn., 86 Rochester Row, London, S.W.1.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Thurs., Nov. 3, 8.15. Lecture on "The Humanistic Element in Contemporary Art," by Dr. Henry Roland. Members 2s., guests 3s.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PARk 7379, Fri., Oct. 28, 8 p.m. Impressions of Russia by a group of recent visitors. Mon., Oct. 31, 8 p.m. Forum in Russian. Editor, V. Tyszecki. Fri., Nov. 4, 8 p.m. J. H. Keep, "Russia and China."

FORWARD from Defeat. Fabian Autumn Lectures. Crosland, Crossman, Dalton, Strachey. Livingstone Hall, November 2, 9, 16, 23. Details 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

ALL Nations Social Club. "Any Questions?" Bernard Braine, M.P. (Cons.), James Johnson, M.P. (Lab.), will answer audience's questions, Wed., Nov. 2, 8 p.m., at 83 Chiltern St. (nr. Baker Street Station). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

TUESDAY, November 1: World Jewish Congress, British Section, Jewish Forum, "Citizens' Enquiry into the United Nations." Speakers: David Ennals, secretary, United Nations Association, Cdr. F. Ashe Lincoln, Q.C., J. H. Barnett, Dr. F. L. Brassloff, Stephen W. Pollak. Chairman: Bernard B. Gillis, Q.C. Anglo-Israeli Club, 43/44 Gt. Windmill St., W.1. 8 p.m.

MARRIED Women's Association, 20 Buckingham St., Strand. A meeting on "Deserting Husbands and the Law," at Caxton Hall, Westminster, on Tuesday, Nov. 1, 7.30 p.m. Speakers: Mr. John Parker, M.P., and speakers from Howard League, Haldane Society and Magistrates' Assoc. Ad. 2s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m. November 5. Film: "Road to Hope." Italian feature film with English sub-titles.

"MAIMONIDES & Eretz Israel." Lecture by Rabbi B. M. Casper, M.A. (Cantab.); Mon., Oct. 31, 8 p.m. A.I. Club, 43 Gt. Windmill St. W.1. Arr. by Zionist Fedn.

RACIAL Unity: Lectures by Mr. Cedric Dover, "The Colour Problem in Britain," alt. Mons., 7.30, 32 Tavistock Sq. Next, Oct. 31. Mems., free, sub. 10s.

YOGA Practice Society. The following Sunday afternoon lectures will be held: November 13, "Something about Zen," by Mme. G. Latour; Nov. 27, "Responsibility and Yoga," by Dr. E. Graham Howe. All lectures start at 3 p.m. Apply for admission to the Secretary, 6 Cadogan Gardens, London, S.W.3. Tel. SLOane 6967.

NATURE Cure approach to Physical and Mental Health: Dr. E. K. Ledermann, M.D., etc., The Humiliation of Vivisection: Miss N. M. Hosali, M.Sc., Alliance Hall, Palmer Street, S.W.1. November 4, 7.30 p.m. Admission free. Auspices: Nature Cure Clinic, 13 Oldbury Place, W.1.

LECTURE at Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. November 1 at 7 p.m. "20th Century Furniture," by Sir Gordon Russell.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"THE Bomb—Challenge & Answer" (Batsford 25s.). "A blue print for survival . . ." James Cameron ("News Chronicle"). Hear the authors, Bertrand Russell, Lord Beveridge, Prof. Alex. Haddow, Henry Usborne, M.P., Gilbert McAllister with the Rt. Hon. Clement Davies, Q.C., M.P., presiding, at Central Hall, Westminster, Wed., Nov. 9, at 6.30 for 7 p.m. Admission free. Reserved seats 2s. 6d. from Parliamentary Association for World Government, 21 Hampstead Lane, Highgate Village, N.6.

COMMUNIST Party Conference. "British Opera." Alan Bush, Historical Survey, 3.30 p.m. Bernard Stevens, Contem. Operas illustrated, 7 p.m. 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. Sunday, Oct. 30. Adm. 2s. 6d. Restaurant.

PROF. T. H. Pear, M.A., "Personality in the Television-Age." Oct. 30, 11 a.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request.

PERSONALIST Group. Joint discussion social with the Personalist Club. Buberian dialogue between J. B. Coates and Basil Druitt on "What Do We Mean by Freedom?" 10 Gees Court, opp. Bond St. Underground, Wed., Nov. 2, at 7.45 p.m. Admission 2s., including refreshments.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday, Nov. 1st, at 7.15 p.m. In conjunction with National Peace Council. L. Zutshi, B.Sc., A.R.S.M., A.M.I.M.M., "Asia's Role in World Development." Adm. free. Collection.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High Street, W.8. Sunday, October 30, 6.30 Music & Readings. 7 p.m. J. Henry Lloyd: "Ethical Aspects of Wage Policy."

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br., Fri., 8.30, Nov. 4. Rev. W. W. Simpson: "Humanity the Common Denominator." 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2, off Leinster Sq.

MICHAEL Kitson on "Rembrandt" at Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Sadlers Wells), Tues., Nov. 1, 8.15. Arr. by Finsbury Art Group. Non-members 1s.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Public lect. Sun. 8 p.m. Oct. 30: "The Goal of Evolution."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (near Holburn Tube Stn.), Thurs., Nov. 3, 7.30: "Bhagavad-Gita". On Sundays at 5 at Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Meditation & Discourse. All welcome.

PEGASUS Theatre Society: Peter Townsend on "The Chinese Classical Theatre." Oak Room, Arts Theatre Club. Sunday, October 30, 8 p.m. Members 2s. Non-members 3s.

DR. E. K. LEDERMANN: "Ethics & Medical Psychology." Hampstead Ethical Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., N.W.11, nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Grn. Sun., Oct. 30, 7.15.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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